

R. GOSCINNY **Asterix** A. UDERZO

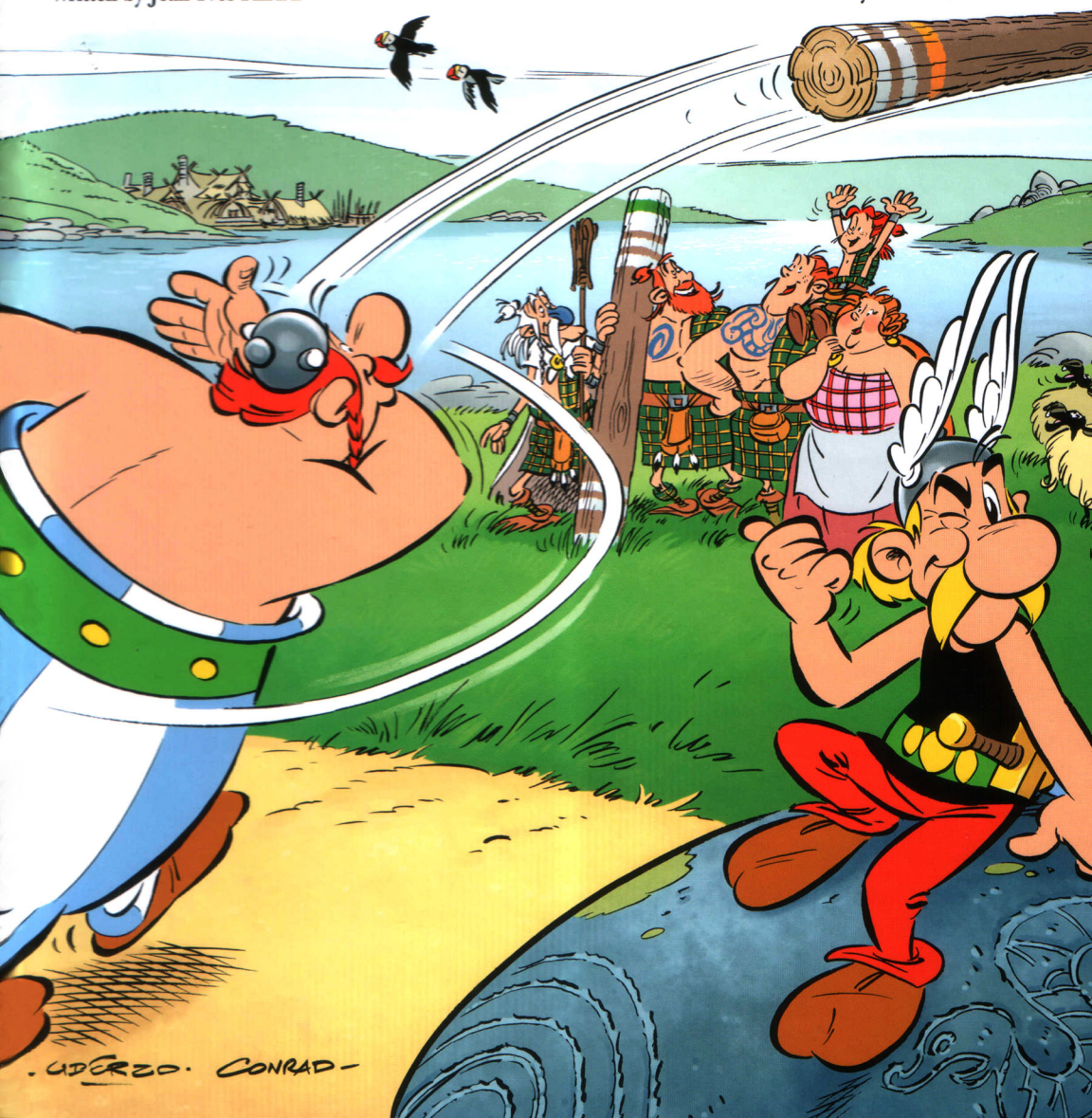
Asterix

AND
THE

Picts

Written by Jean-Yves FERRI

Illustrated by Didier CONRAD



GOSCINNY AND UDERZO

PRESENT

An Asterix Adventure

ASTERIX AND THE PICTS

Written by JEAN-YVES FERRI

Illustrated by DIDIER CONRAD

Translated by ANTHEA BELL



Colour by THIERRY MÉBARKI, MURIELLE LEROI, RAPHAËL DELERUE



Congratulations to Jean-Yves Ferri and Didier Conrad for having the courage and talent to write and draw this new Asterix album. Thanks to them, the Gaulish village created with my friend René Goscinny can go on having new adventures to delight readers of the series.

Albert Uderzo

The memory of René Goscinny is never far away when Asterix is being brought to life. Until the present, the huge talent of Albert Uderzo has worked to preserve it. Today, now that Albert has watched over the production of the first album on which the original creators did not work, I like to think that my father would be proud of the authors to whom we have entrusted the famous little Gaul — as proud and happy as I am.

Anne Goscinny



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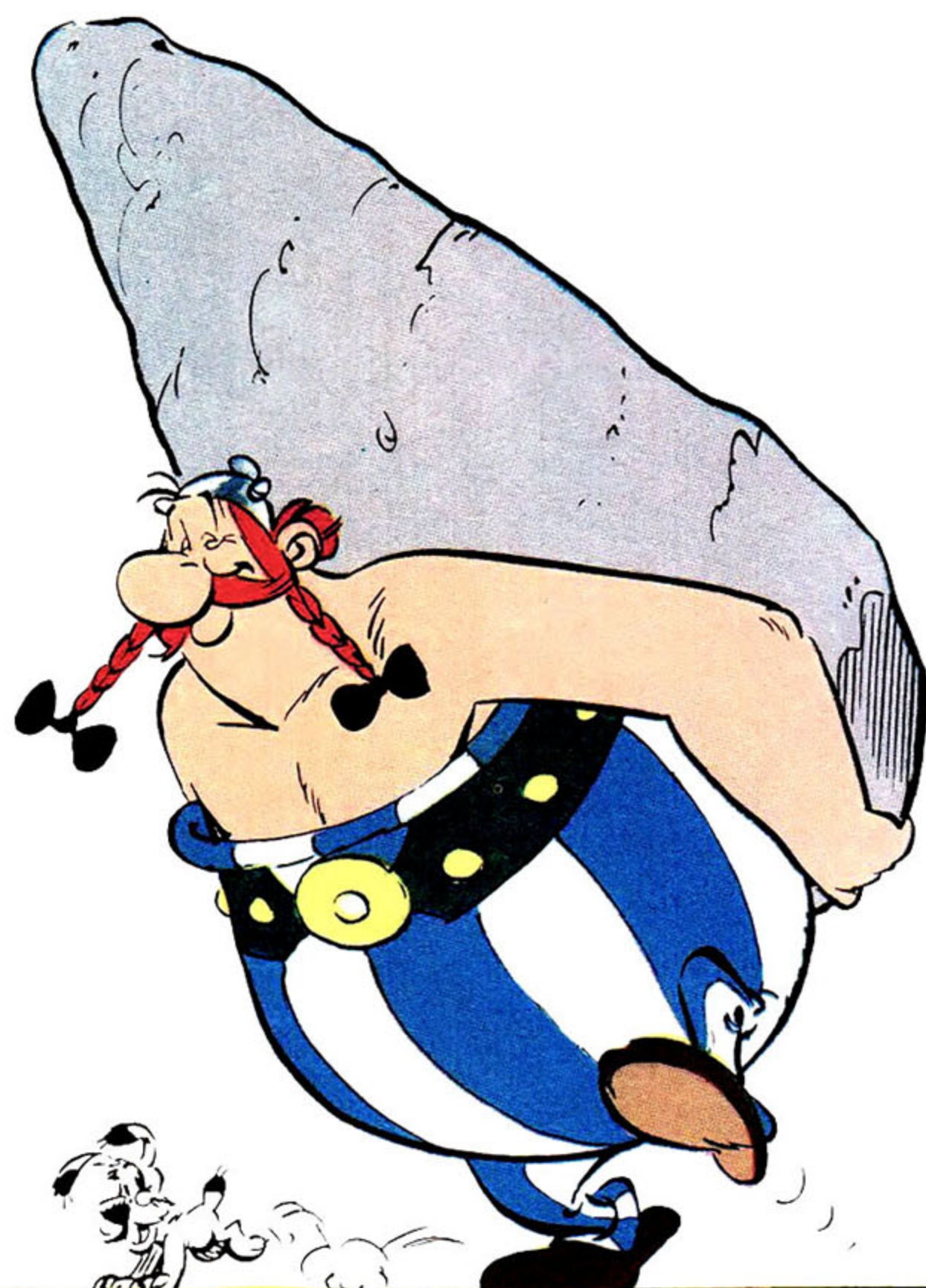
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a few of the Gauls

Asterix, the hero of these adventures. A shrewd, cunning little warrior, all perilous missions are immediately entrusted to him. Asterix gets his superhuman strength from the magic potion brewed by the druid Getafix...



Obelix, Asterix's inseparable friend. A menhir delivery-man by trade, addicted to wild boar. Obelix is always ready to drop everything and go off on a new adventure with Asterix – so long as there's wild boar to eat, and plenty of fighting. His constant companion is Dogmatix, the only known canine ecologist, who howls with despair when a tree is cut down.



Getafix, the venerable village druid. Gathers mistletoe and brews magic potions. His speciality is the potion which gives the drinker superhuman strength. But Getafix also has other recipes up his sleeve...



Cacofonix, the bard. Opinion is divided as to his musical gifts. Cacofonix thinks he's a genius. Everyone else thinks he's unspeakable. But so long as he doesn't speak, let alone sing, everybody likes him...



Finally, Vitalstatistix, the chief of the tribe. Majestic, brave and hot-tempered, the old warrior is respected by his men and feared by his enemies. Vitalstatistix himself has only one fear, he is afraid the sky may fall on his head tomorrow. But as he always says, 'Tomorrow never comes.'



The year is 50BC. Gaul is entirely occupied by the Romans. Well, not entirely . . . One small village of indomitable Gauls still holds out against the invaders. And life is not easy for the Roman legionaries who garrison the fortified camps of Totorum, Aquarium, Laudanum and Compendium . . .

OCCASIONALLY THE PLEASANT CLIMATE OF ARMORICA GAVE WAY TO THE STORMY WEATHER OF A HARD WINTER... IT SO HAPPENS THAT THIS MORNING, AFTER SEVERAL COLD DAYS, A PALE SUN COMES OUT AT LAST TO WARM THE LITTLE VILLAGE THAT WE KNOW SO WELL...

FRESH FiSH!

BUY MY NICE FRESH FISH!

UNHYGIENIX

HUH!

FRESH, IS IT? TELL US ANOTHER!

HI, GERIATRIX! STILL A BIT NIPPY, EH?

O!! HERE'S CAESAR'S HEAD!

THAT WAS NOTHING TO SPEAK OF!
I'VE SEEN WORSE!

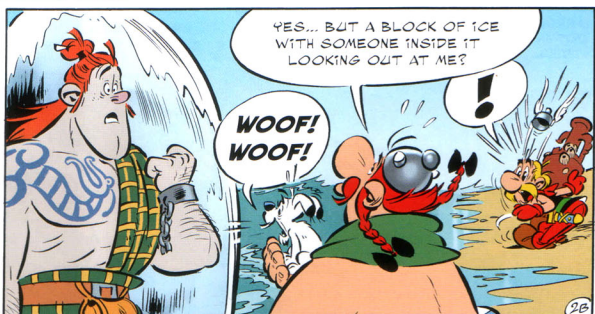
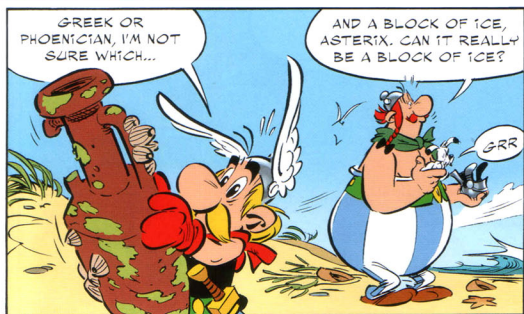
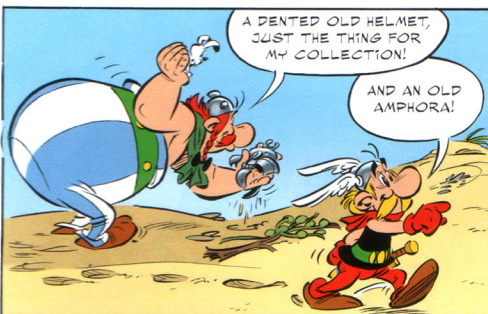
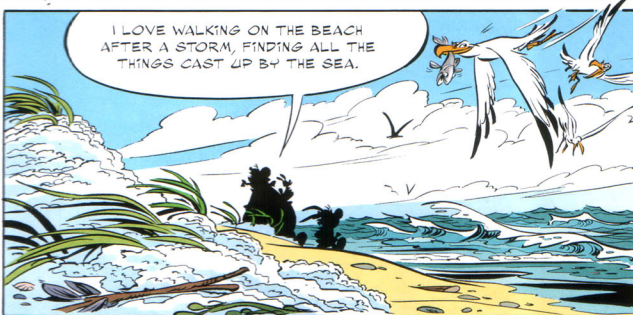
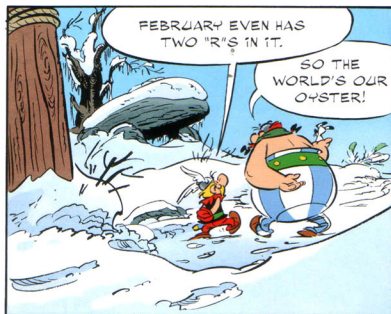
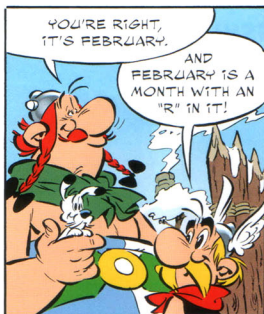
IN THE YEAR 50 BY (BEFORE VITAL-STATISTIX), IT WAS SO COLD THAT THE SEA FROZE OVER! SEAGULLS CRASH-LANDED ON THE WAVES!

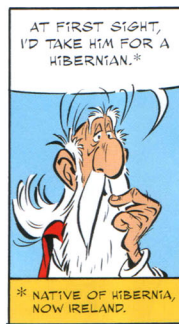
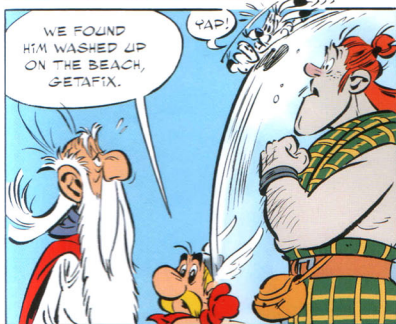
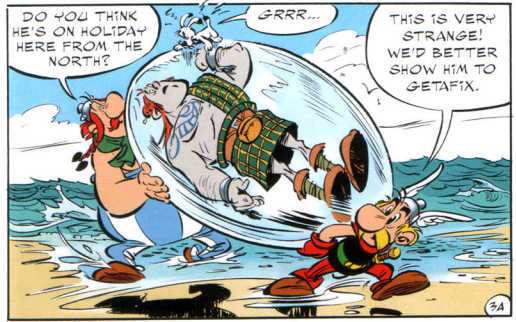
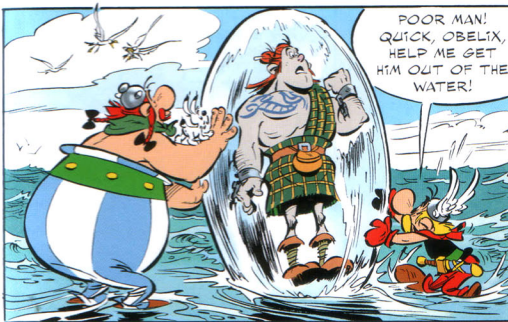
GERIATRIX, WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT IN THIS WEATHER? YOU KNOW YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH!

...FROZEN SEA MONSTERS CAME UP FROM THE SEA!

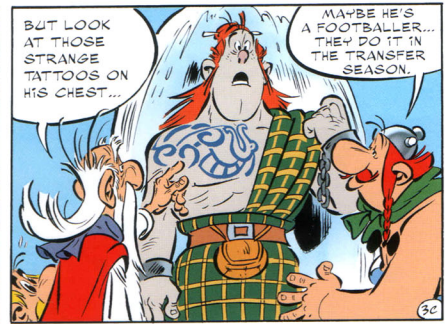
WE PUSHED THEM BACK WITH STALACTITES.

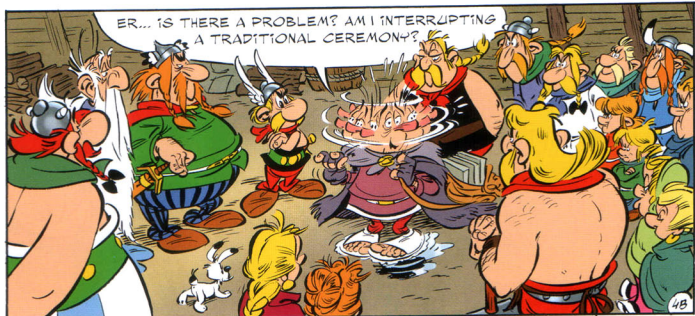
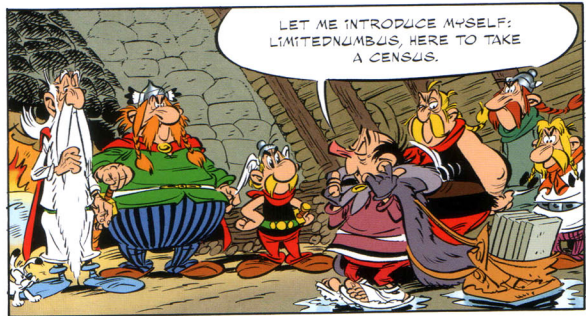
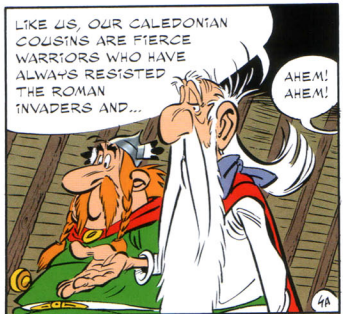
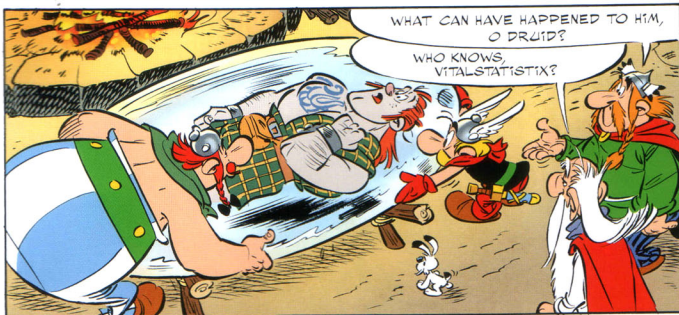
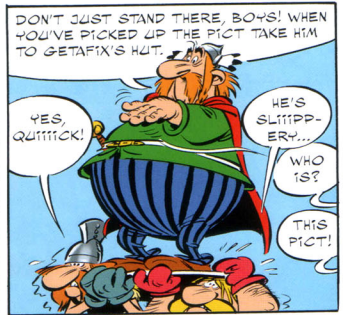
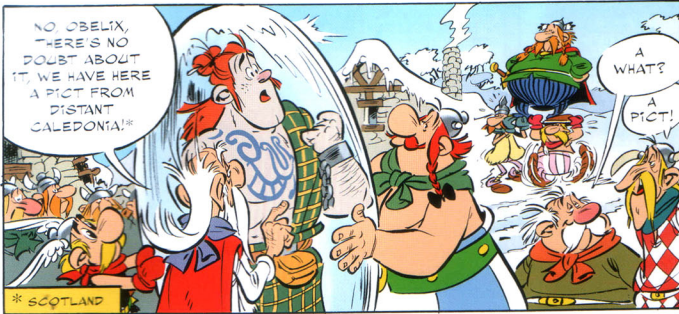
POOR OLD GERIATRIX! HE'S ALWAYS BEEN INCLINED TO RAMBLE ON.

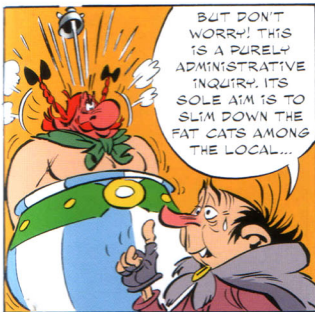




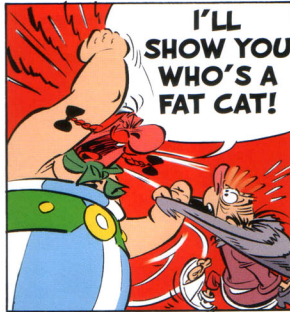
* NATIVE OF HIBERNIA, NOW IRELAND.



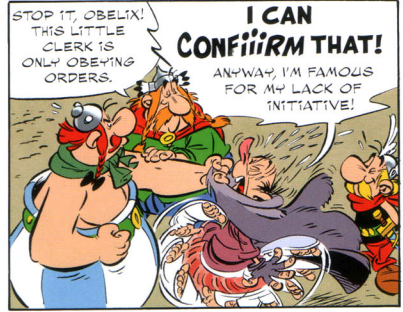




BUT DON'T WORRY! THIS IS A PURELY ADMINISTRATIVE INQUIRY. ITS SOLE AIM IS TO SLIM DOWN THE FAT CATS AMONG THE LOCAL...



I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S A FAT CAT!



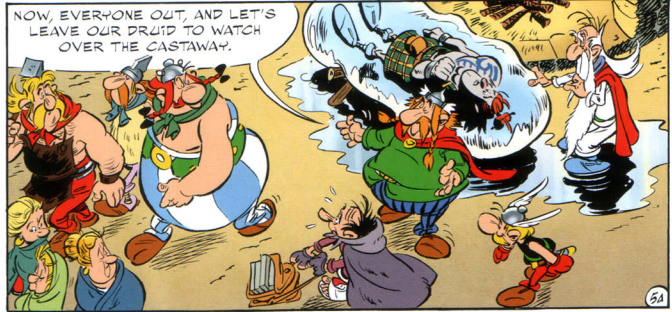
STOP IT, OBELIX! THIS LITTLE CLERK IS ONLY OBEYING ORDERS.

I CAN CONFIRM THAT! ANYWAY, I'M FAMOUS FOR MY LACK OF INITIATIVE!

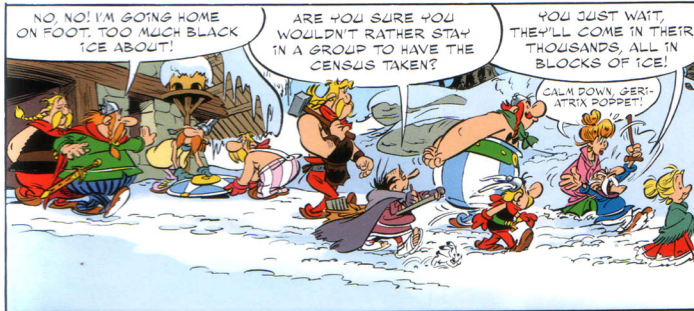


RIGHT, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CENSUS, ROMAN, BUT GET ON WITH IT QUICKLY AND BE DISCREET.

(GULP) REQUEST HAS BEEN RECORDED.



NOW, EVERYONE OUT, AND LET'S LEAVE OUR DRUID TO WATCH OVER THE CASTAWAY.

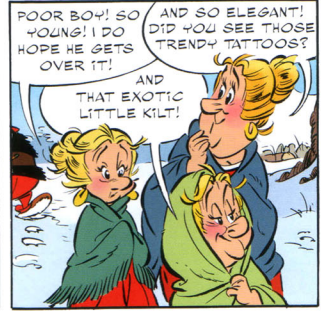


NO, NO! I'M GOING HOME ON FOOT. TOO MUCH BLACK ICE ABOUT!

ARE YOU SURE YOU WOULDN'T RATHER STAY IN A GROUP TO HAVE THE CENSUS TAKEN?

YOU JUST WAIT, THEY'LL COME IN THEIR THOUSANDS, ALL IN BLOCKS OF ICE!

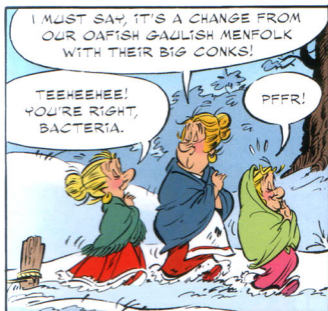
CALM DOWN, GERATRIA POPPET!



POOR BOY! SO YOUNG! I DO HOPE HE GETS OVER IT!

AND SO ELEGANT! DID YOU SEE THOSE TRENDY TATTOOS?

AND THAT EXOTIC LITTLE KILT!

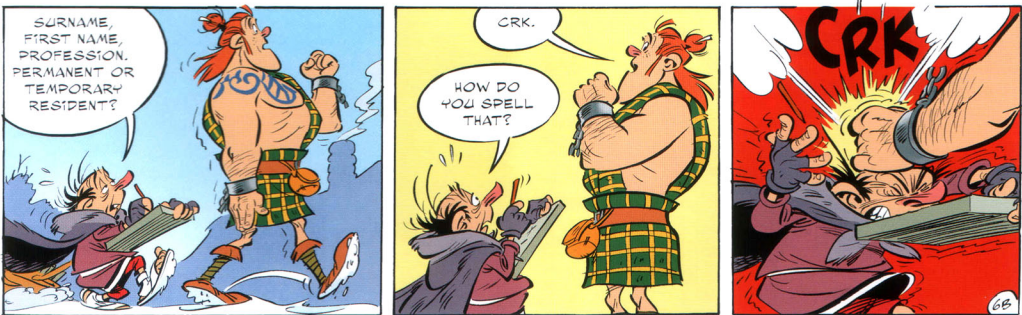
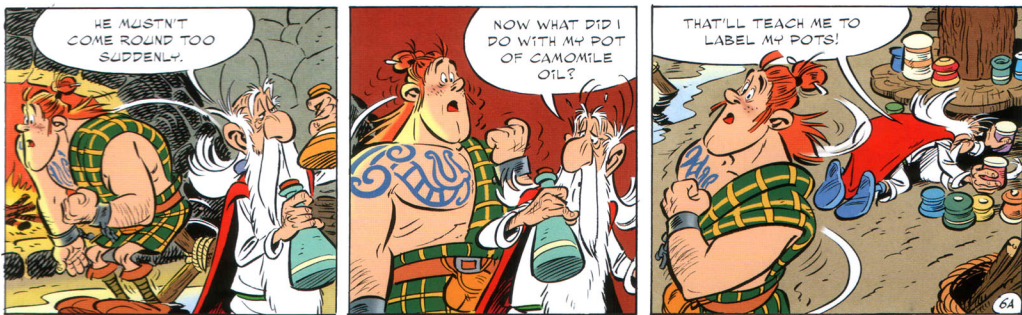
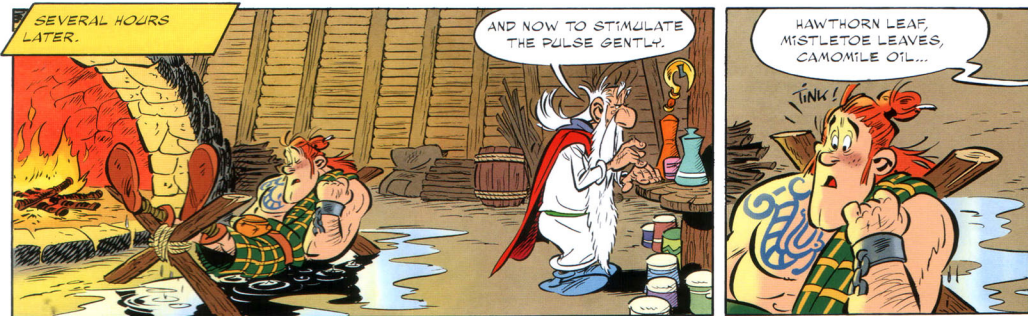


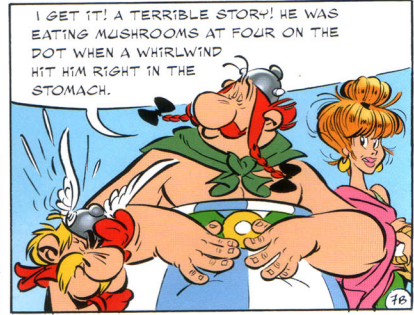
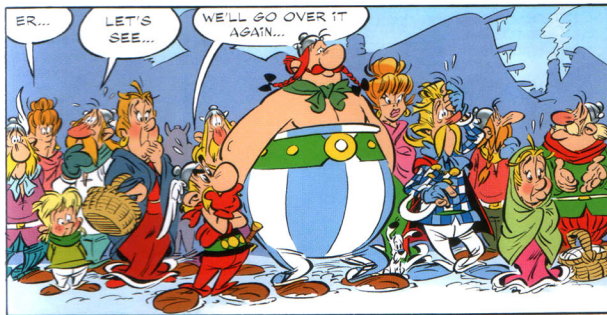
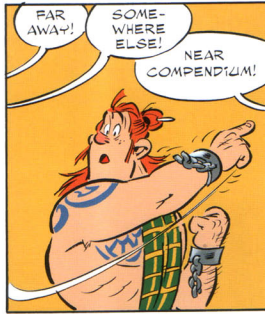
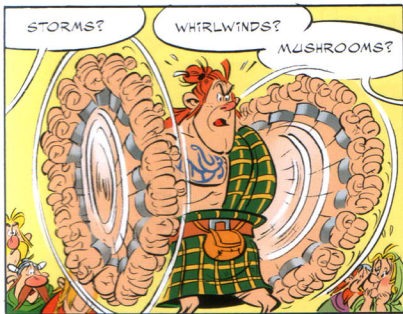
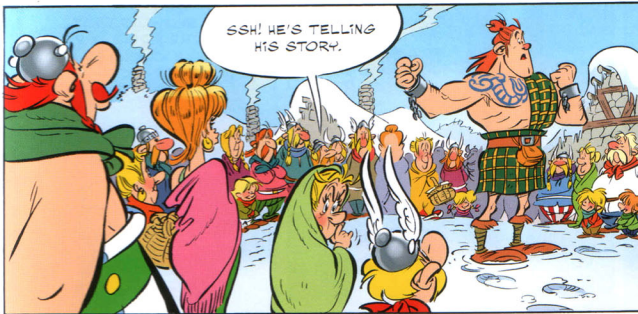
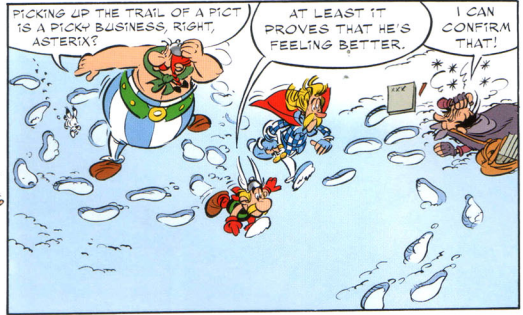
I MUST SAY, IT'S A CHANGE FROM OUR OAFISH GAULISH MENFOLK WITH THEIR BIG CONKS!

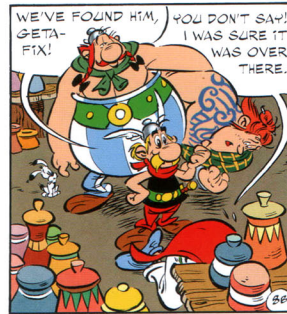
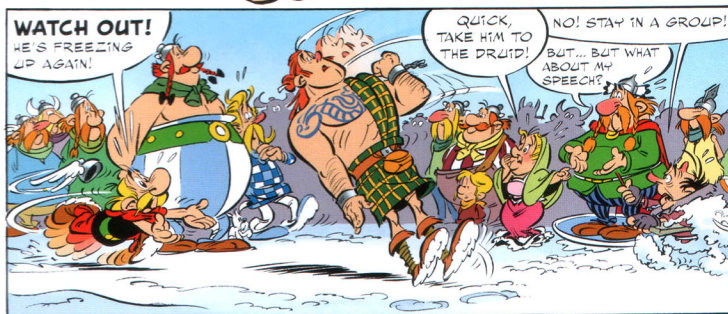
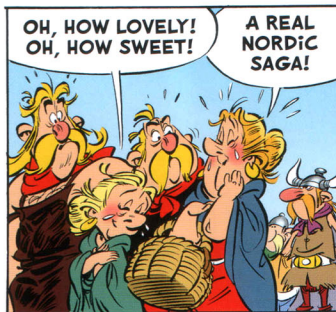
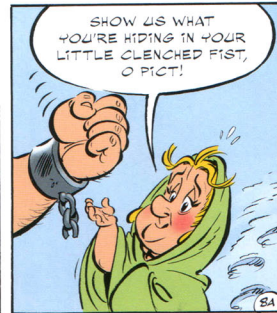
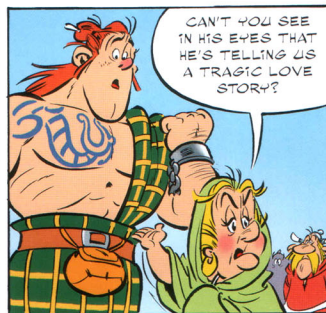
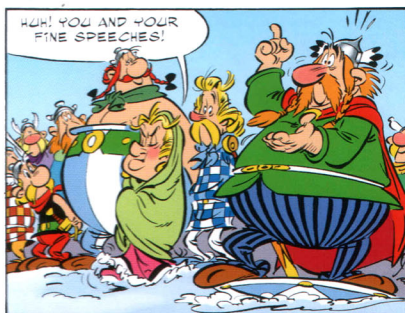
TEEEHEE! YOU'RE RIGHT, BACTERIA.

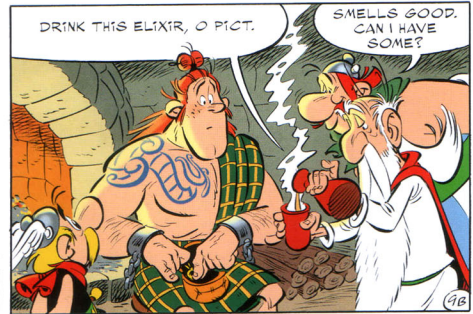
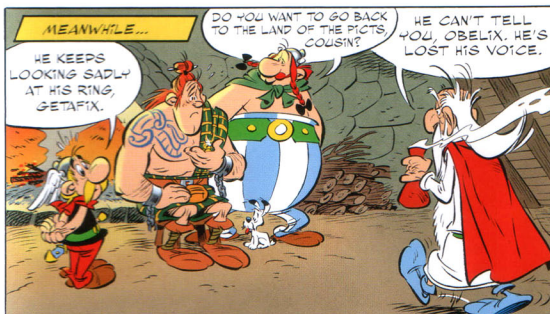
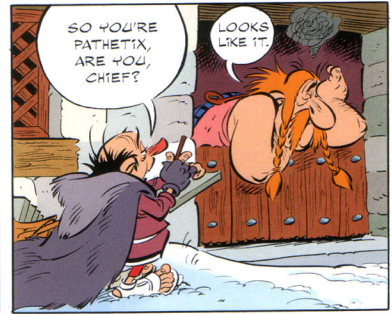
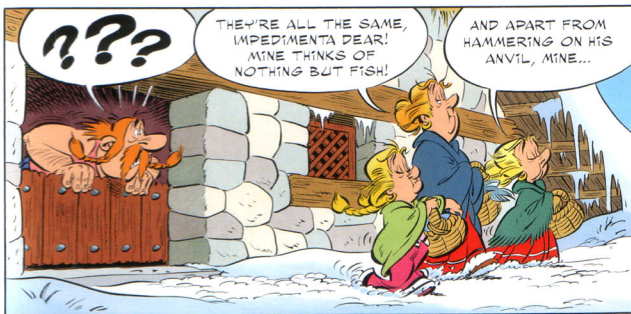
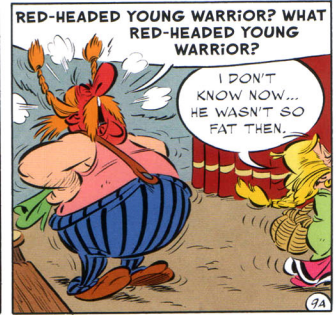
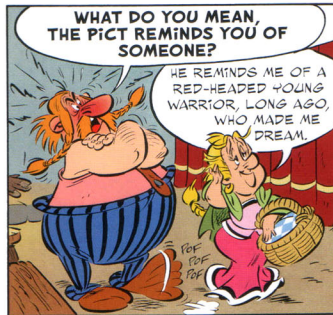
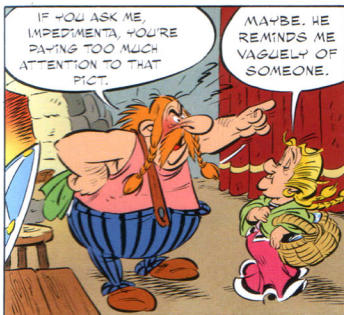
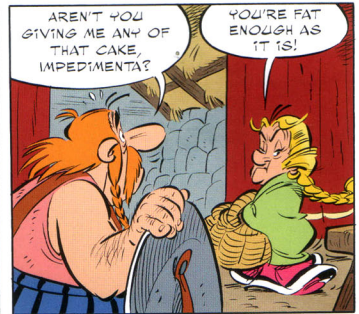
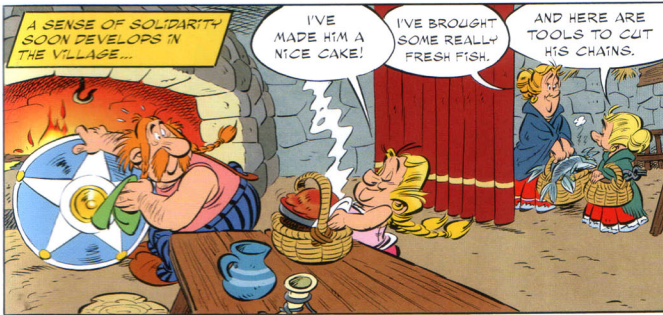
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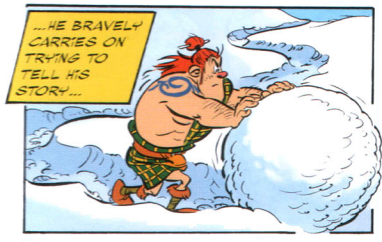
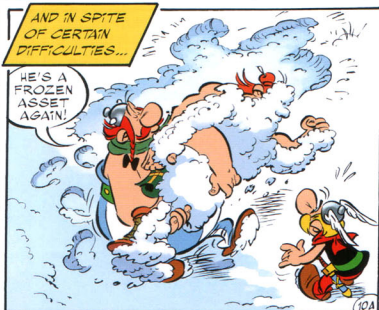
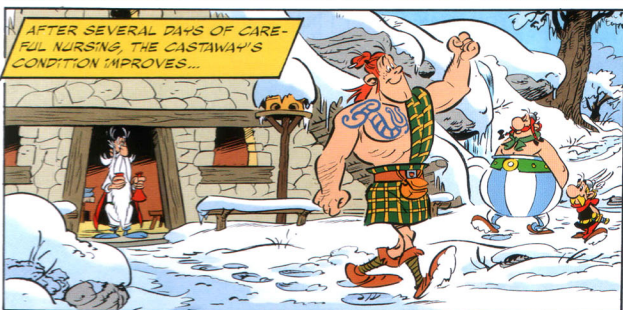
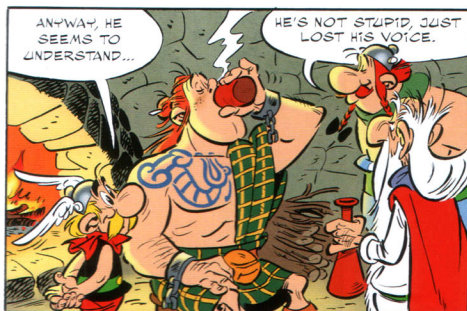








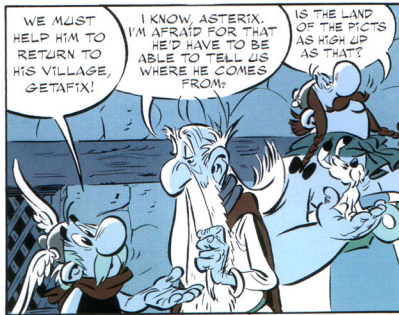






BUT AT NIGHTFALL...

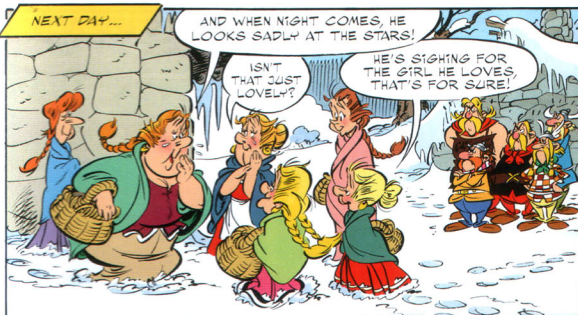
POOR MAN, HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE IS, HE'S GETTING A FIX ON THE STARS...



WE MUST HELP HIM TO RETURN TO HIS VILLAGE, GETAFIX!

I KNOW, ASTERIX, I'M AFRAID FOR THAT HE'D HAVE TO BE ABLE TO TELL US WHERE HE COMES FROM!

IS THE LAND OF THE PICTS AS HIGH UP AS THAT?

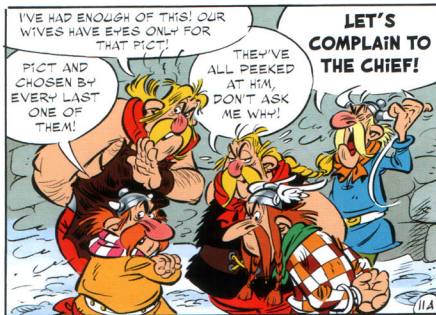


NEXT DAY...

AND WHEN NIGHT COMES, HE LOOKS SADLY AT THE STARS!

ISN'T THAT JUST LOVELY?

HE'S SIGHING FOR THE GIRL HE LOVES, THAT'S FOR SURE!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! OUR WIVES HAVE EYES ONLY FOR THAT PICT!

LET'S COMPLAIN TO THE CHIEF!

THEY'VE ALL PEEKED AT HIM, DON'T ASK ME WHY!

PICT AND CHOSEN BY EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!



OH, GOOD, GENTLEMEN! I WANT YOU TO HELP ME PLUMB THE DEPTHS OF YOUR SOCIETY!



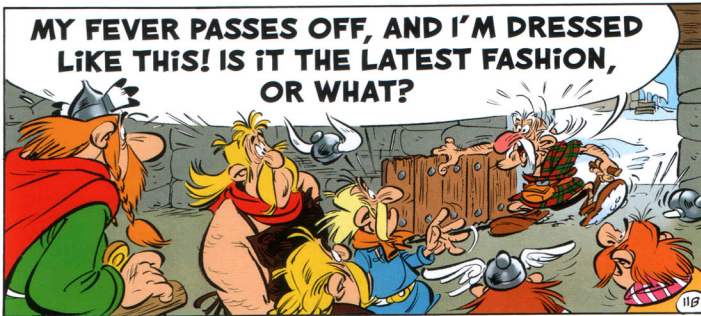
MMMBL



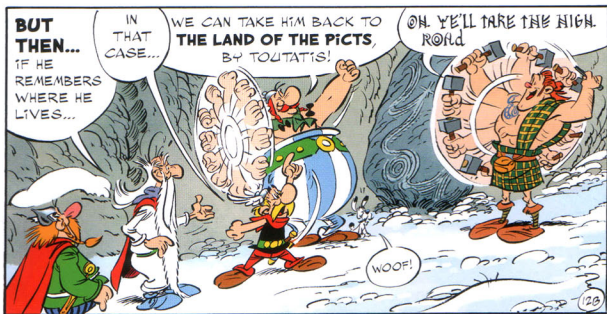
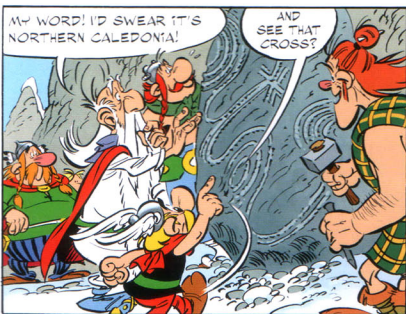
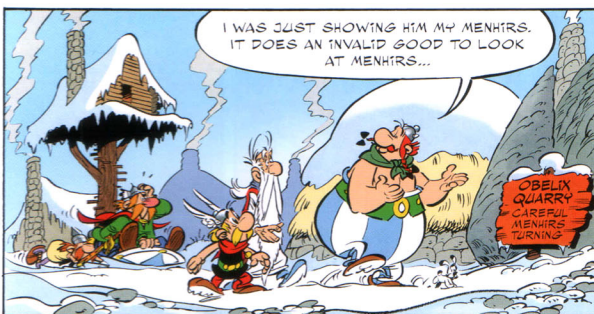
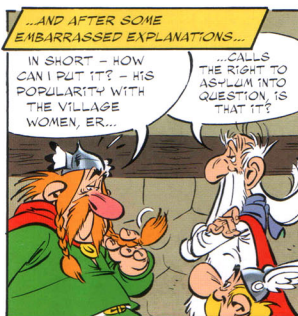
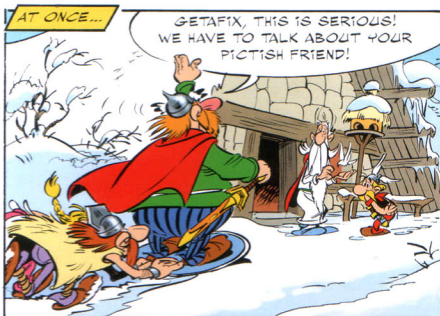
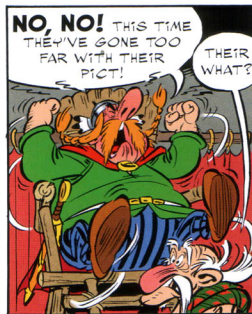
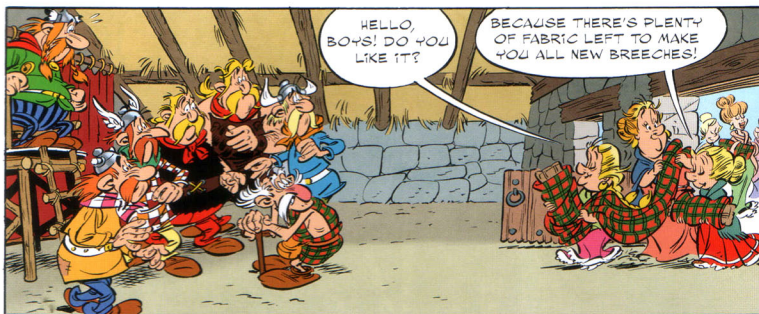
NOW THEN, LADS, CALM DOWN! AS YOU KNOW, WE OWE OUR GUEST THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM, AND...

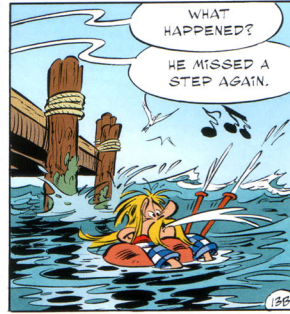
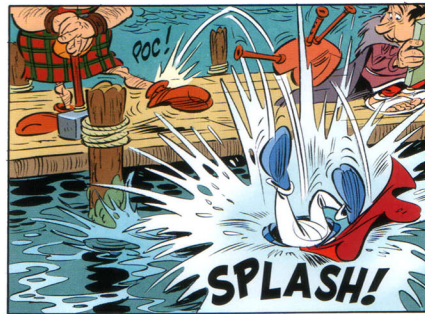
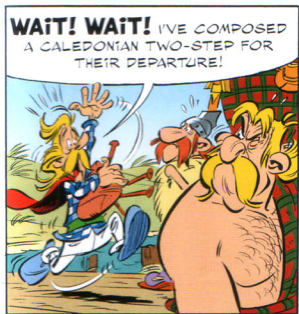
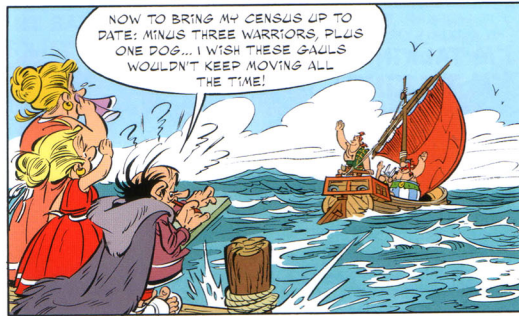
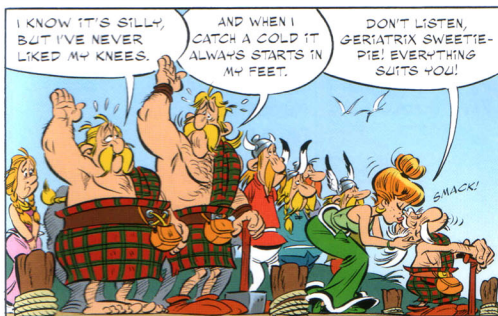
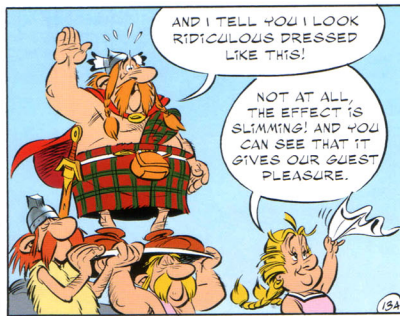
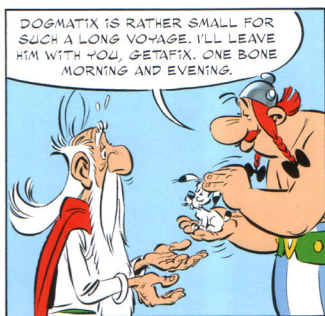
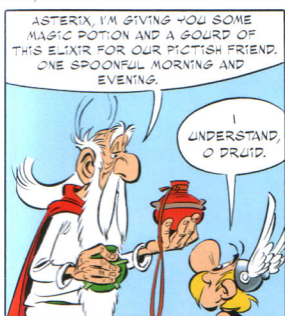
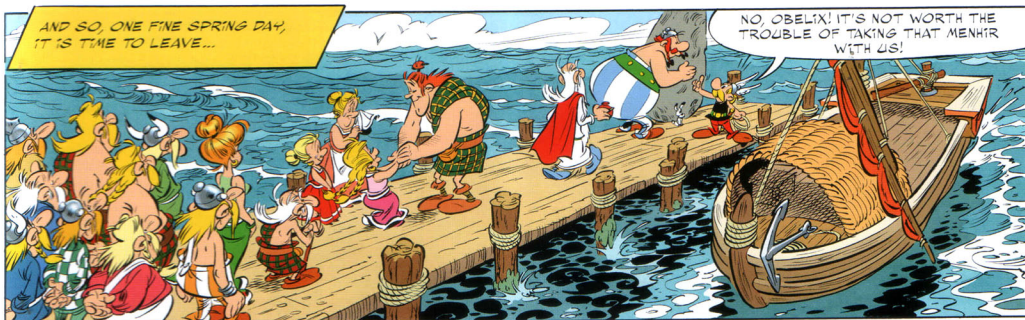


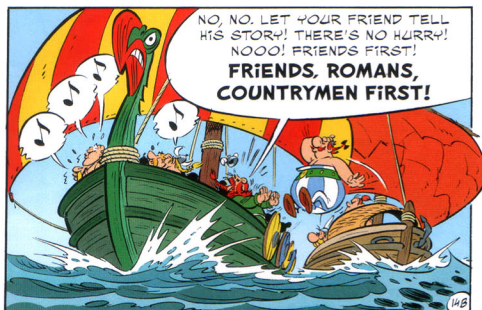
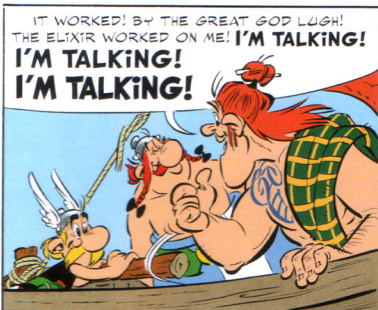
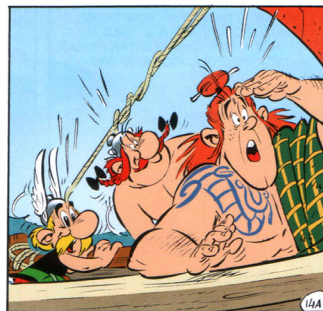
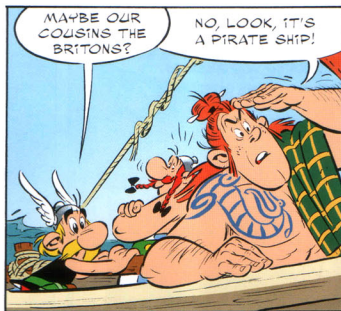
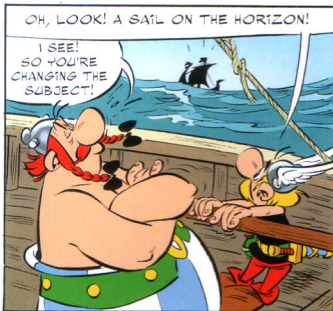
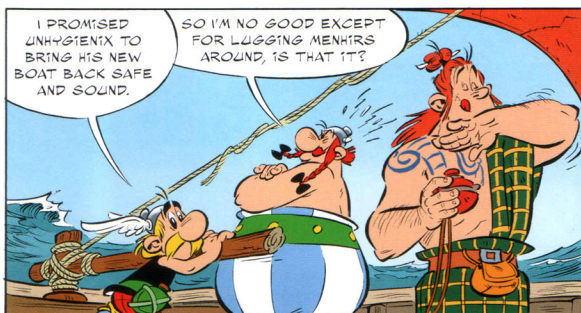
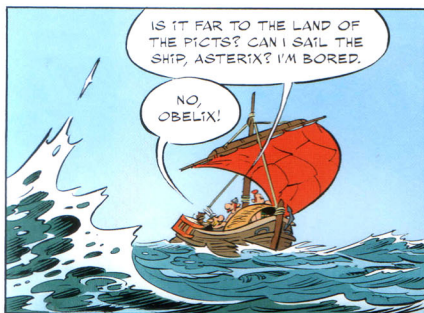
SPEAKING OF ASYLUMS, AM I IN A LOONY BIN?

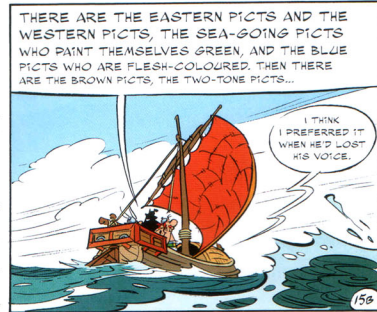
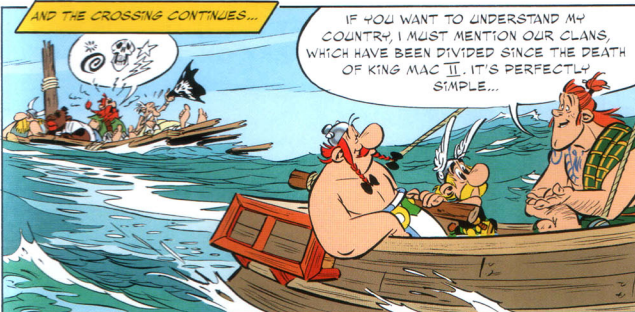
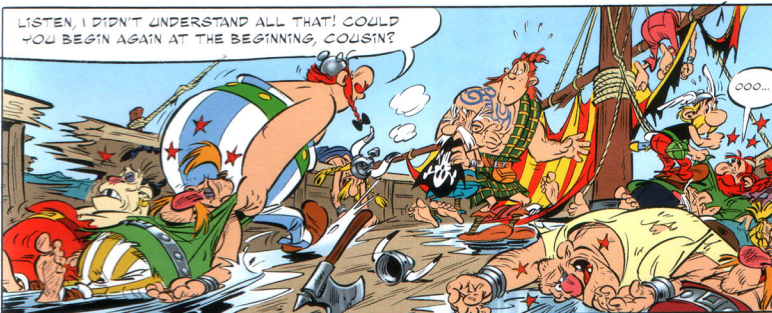
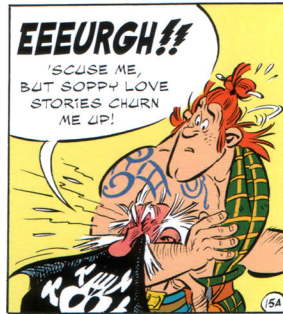
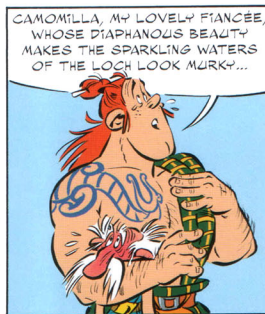
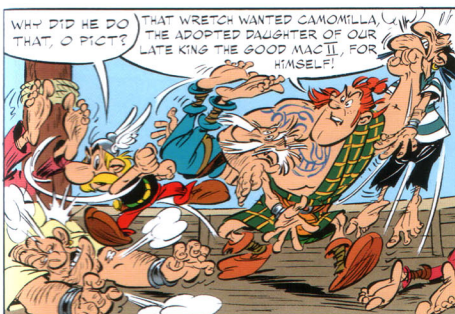
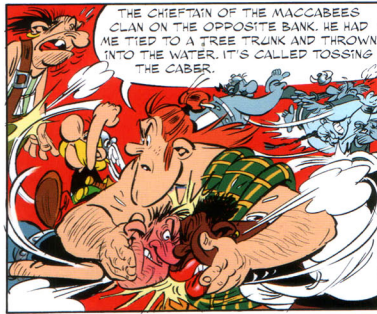


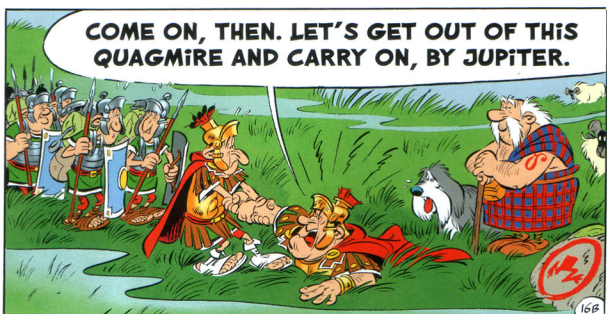
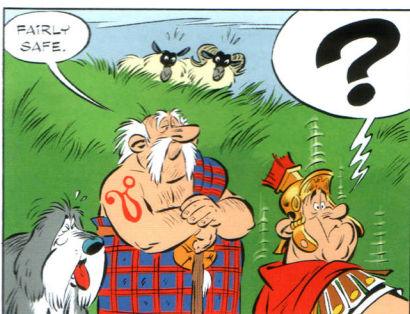
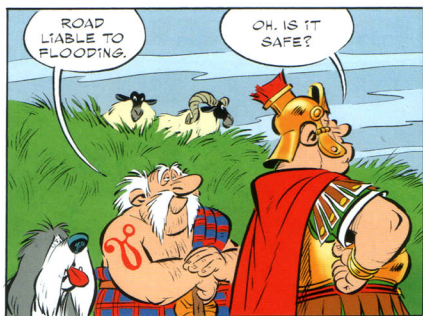
MY FEVER PASSES OFF, AND I'M DRESSED LIKE THIS! IS IT THE LATEST FASHION, OR WHAT?

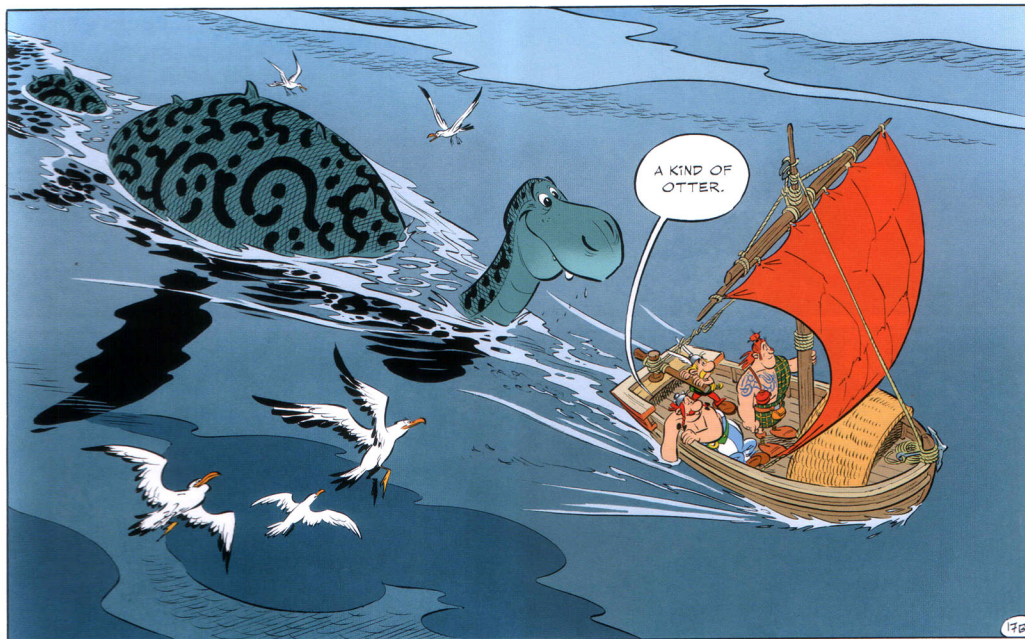
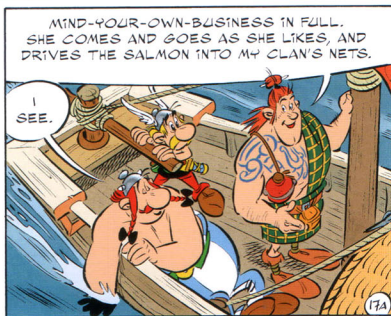
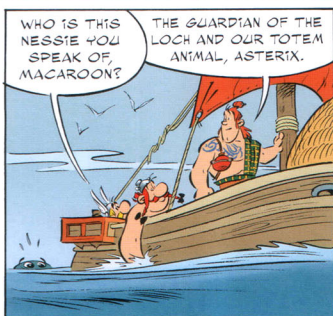
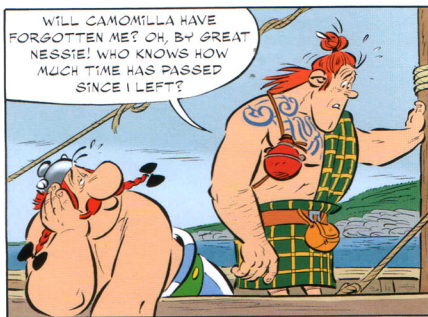
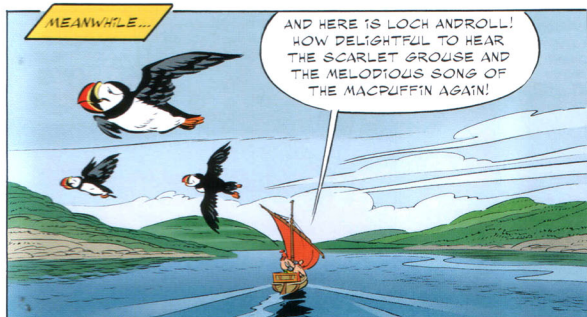


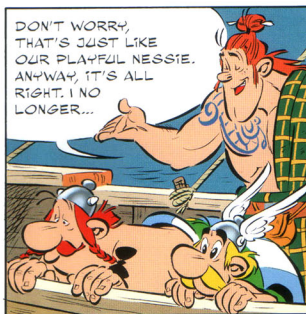
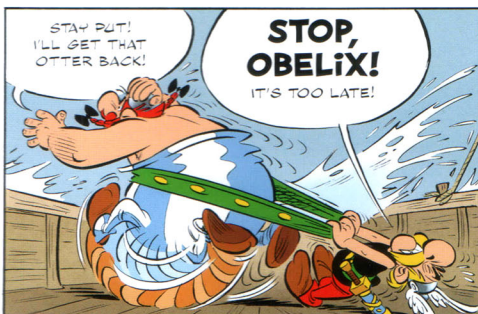
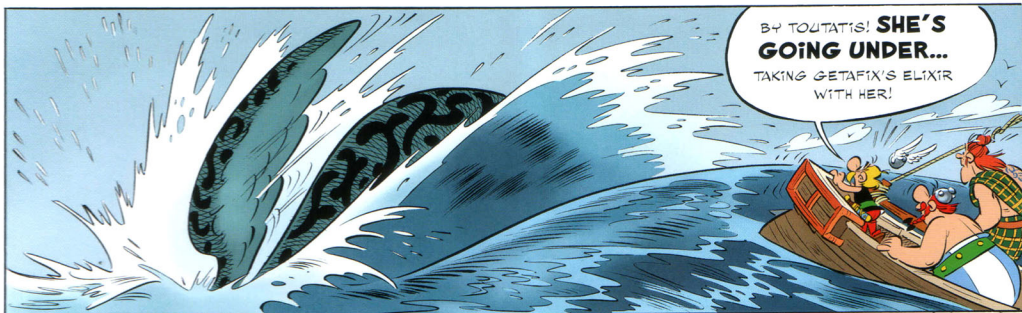
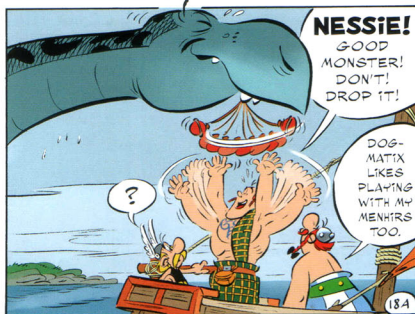
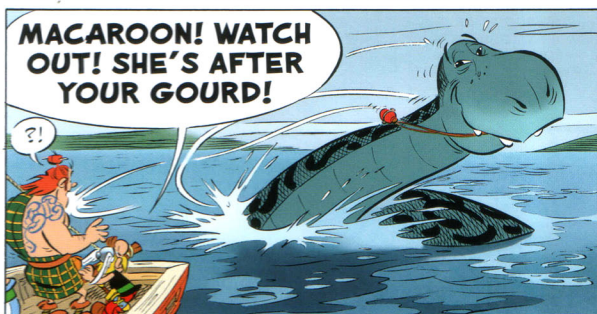
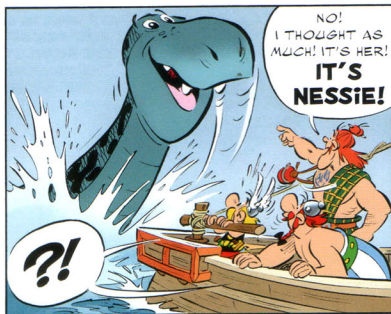
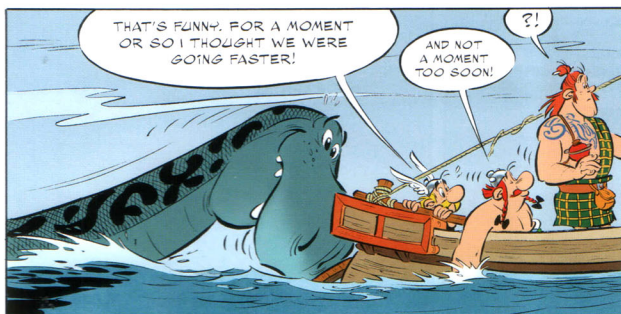


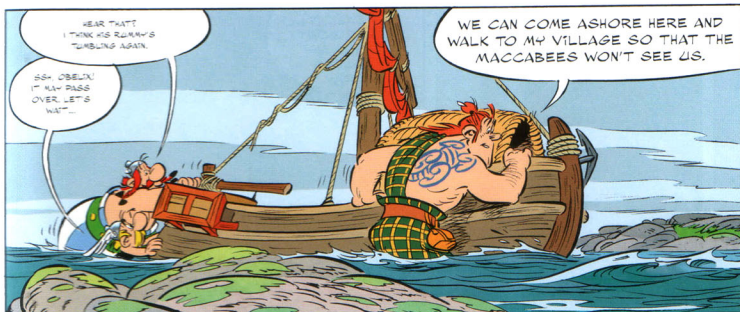








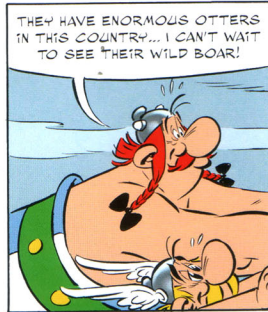




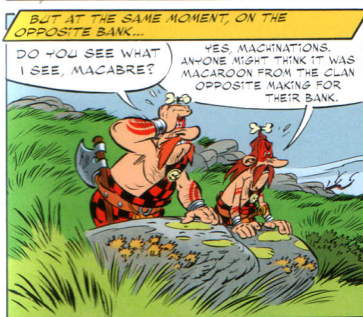
HEAR THAT!
I THINK HIS SHIP'S
TURNING AROUND!

OH! OBECK!
IT'S NEW PAGES
OVER, LET'S
WALK...

WE CAN COME ASHORE HERE AND
WALK TO MY VILLAGE SO THAT THE
MACCABEES WON'T SEE US.



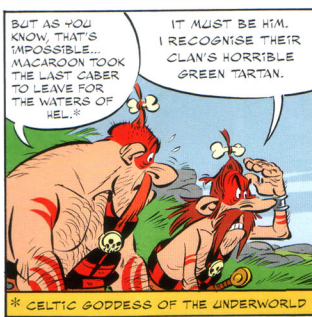
THEY HAVE ENORMOUS OTTERS
IN THIS COUNTRY... I CAN'T WAIT
TO SEE THEIR WILD BOAR!



BUT AT THE SAME MOMENT, ON THE
OPPOSITE BANK...

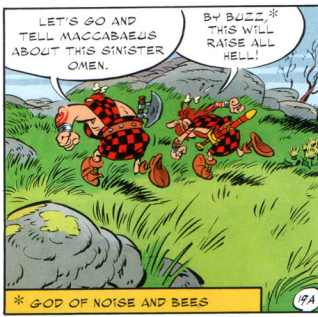
DO YOU SEE WHAT
I SEE, MACABRE?

YES, MACINATIONS.
ANYONE MIGHT THINK IT WAS
MACARON FROM THE CLAN
OPPOSITE MAKING FOR
THEIR BANK.



BUT AS YOU
KNOW, THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE...
MACARON TOOK
THE LAST CABER
TO LEAVE FOR
THE WATERS OF
HELL.*

IT MUST BE HIM.
I RECOGNISE THEIR
CLAN'S HORRIBLE
GREEN TARTAN.



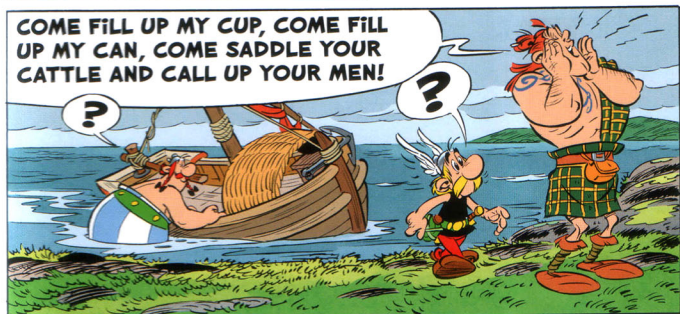
LET'S GO AND
TELL MACCABAEUS
ABOUT THIS SINISTER
OMEN.

BY BUZZ.*
THIS WILL
RAISE ALL
HELL!

* CELTIC GODDESS OF THE UNDERWORLD

* GOD OF NOISE AND BEES

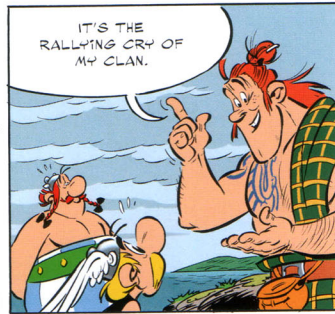
91



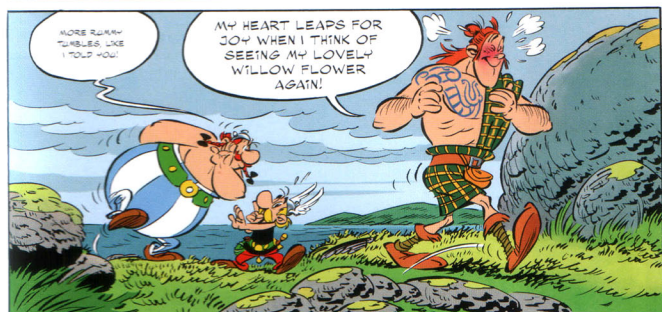
COME FILL UP MY CUP, COME FILL
UP MY CAN, COME SADDLE YOUR
CATTLE AND CALL UP YOUR MEN!

?

?

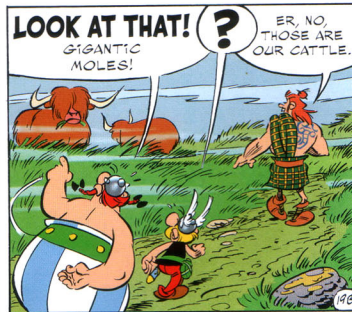


IT'S THE
RALLYING CRY OF
MY CLAN.



MORE RUDDY
TUMBLERS LIKE
I TOLD YOU!

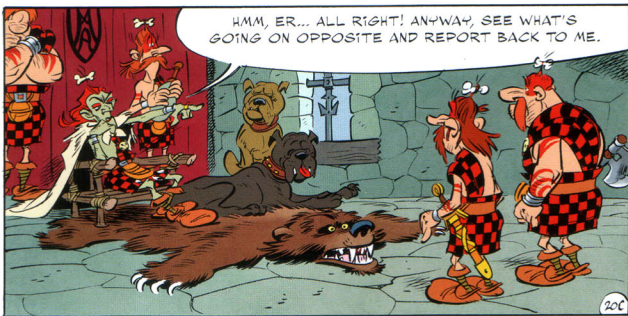
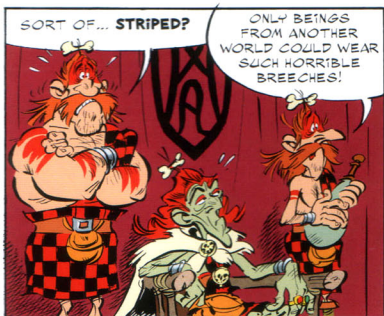
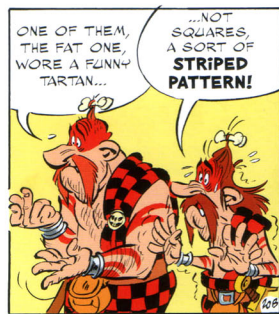
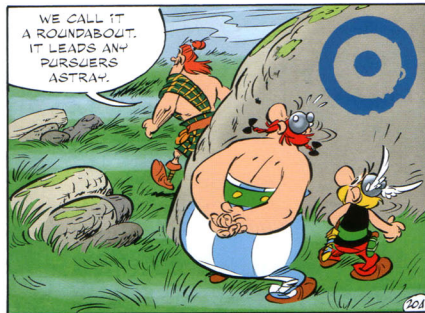
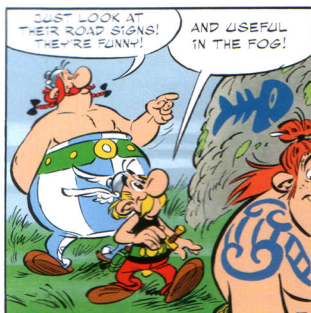
MY HEART LEADS FOR
JOY WHEN I THINK OF
SEEING MY LOVELY
WILLOW FLOWER
AGAIN!



LOOK AT THAT!
GIGANTIC
MOLES!

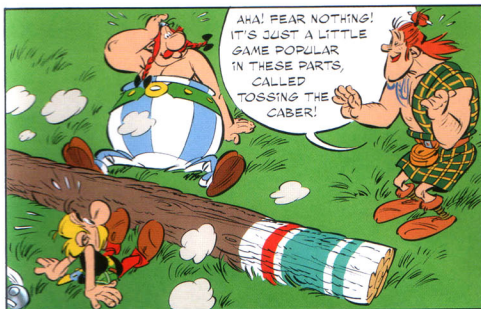
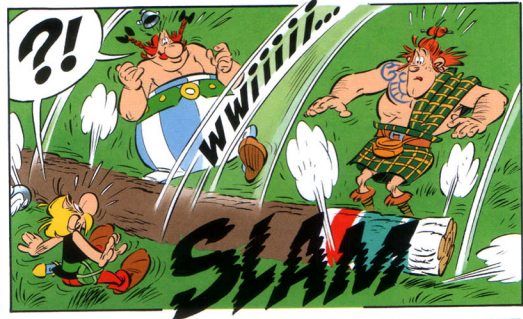
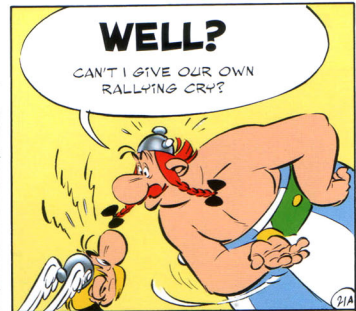
ER, NO,
THOSE ARE
OUR CATTLE.

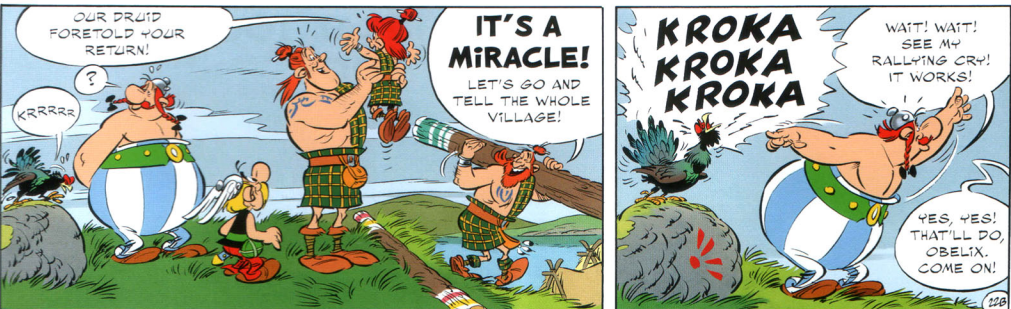
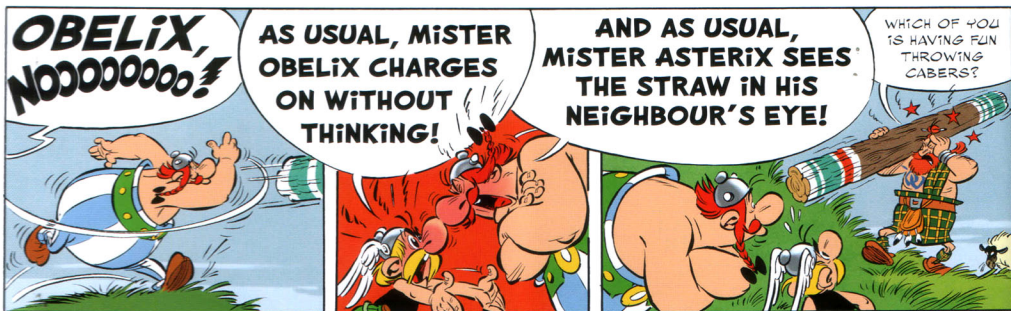
92

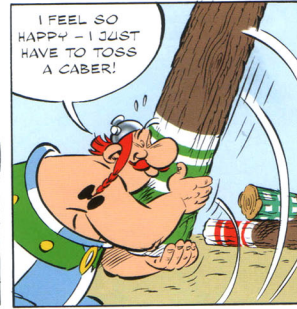
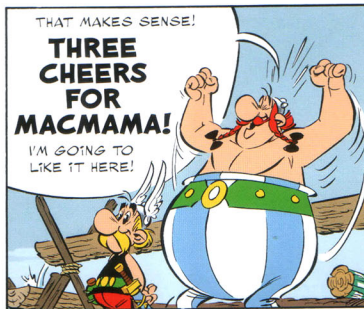
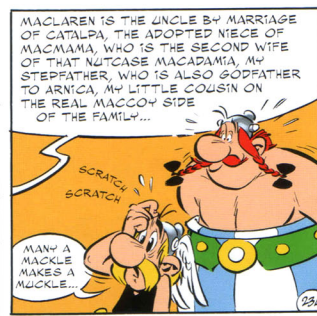
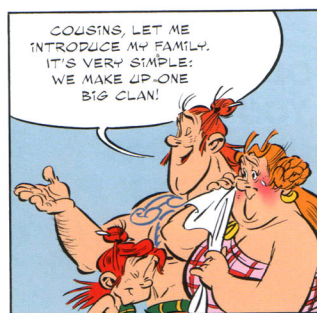


AT THE
SAME TIME...

AND
HERE IS MY
VILLAGE!







**OBEliX,
OLD FRIEND,
YOU'LL END
UP HURTING
SOMEONE!**

**OH, YES? SO MiSTER
ASTERiX DOESN'T APPROVE
OF HiGLAND GAMES, IS
THAT RiGHT?**

COLLIDING WITH
A TREE IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
FOG! IT'S NOT
NATURAL!

THAT'S IT! WE'RE
TURNING BACK.
WE'LL SAY WE
COULDN'T SEE
THE WAY.

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE
LOCH, THE ROMANS ARE MAKING PROGRESS...

NEARLY THERE,
PALLACIUS. I'LL SPEAK
TO THE MEN.

LEGIONARIES!

LET ME REMIND YOU, WE ARE ON
AN ULTRA-SECRET MISSION IN
PICTISH TERRITORY!

WHAT? SPEAK UP, WE CAN'T HEAR
YOU HERE AT THE BACK!

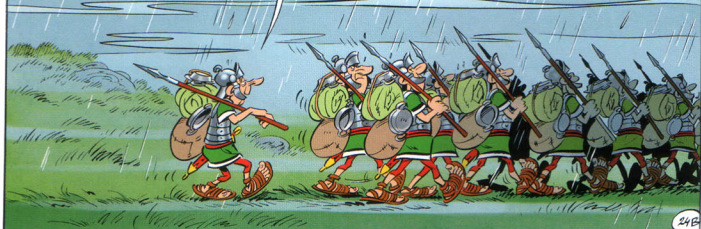
WE ARE HERE AT THE INVITATION
OF CHIEF MACCABAEUS, A FAR-
SIGHTED CHIEFTAIN WHO WANTS
AN ALLIANCE WITH ROME!

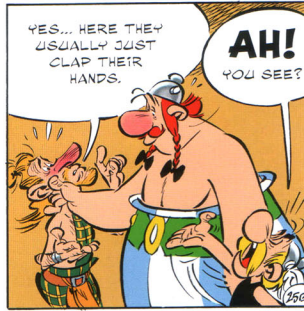
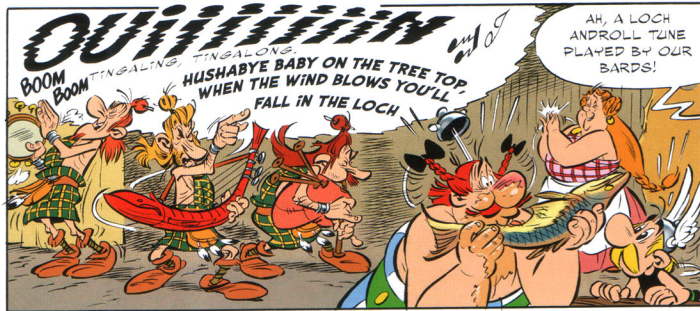
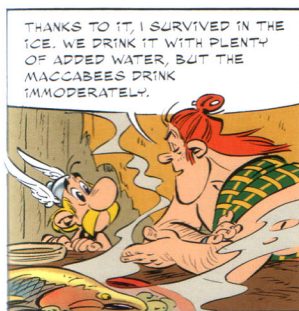
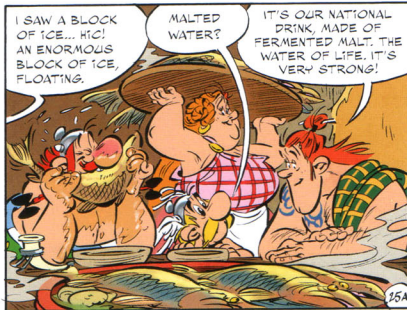
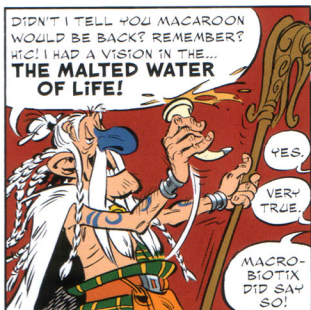
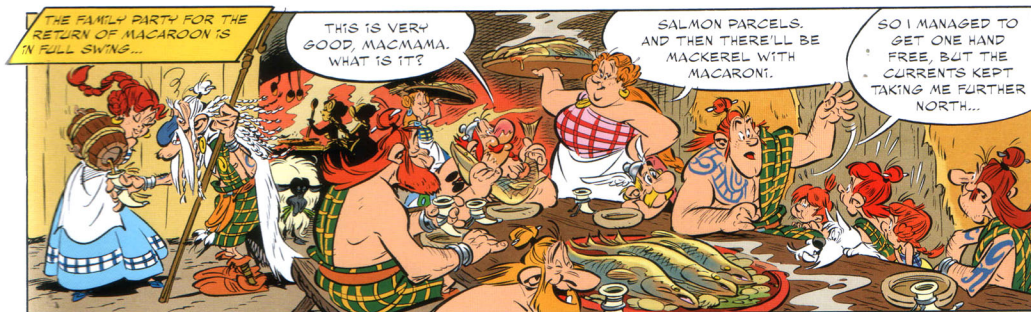
HOME SWEET HOME.
I NEVER DID LIKE
ROAMING.

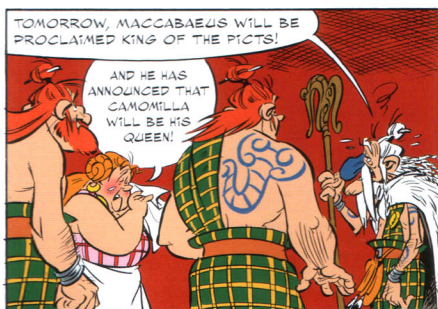
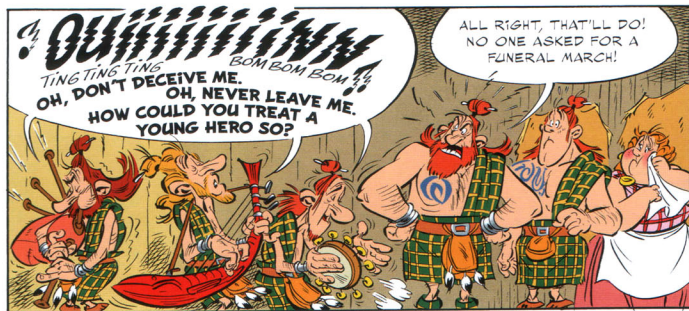
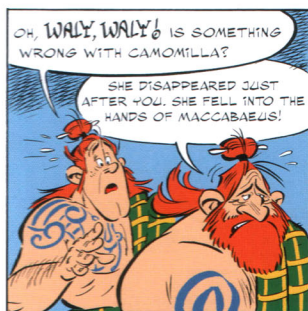
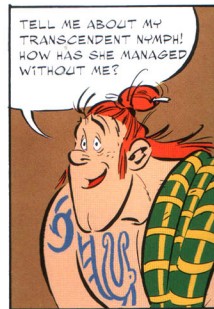
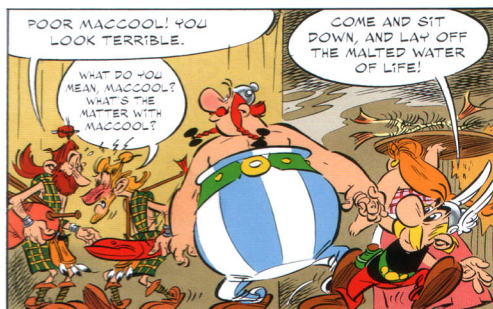
AND SO, MEN, I EXPECT AN
EXEMPLARY ATTITUDE FROM YOU.
OUR PASSWORD IS COURAGE
AND BRAVERY!

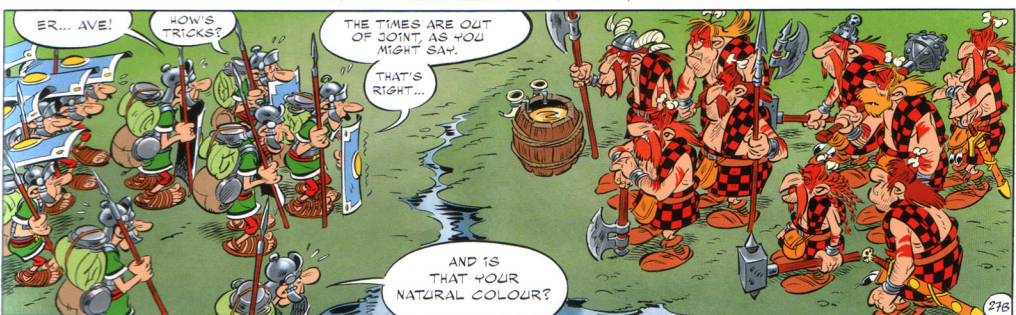
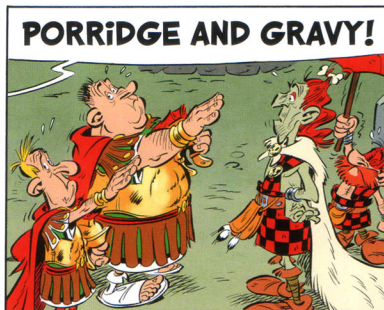
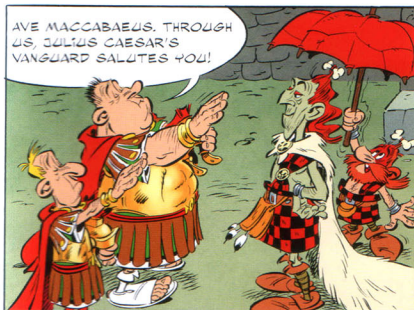
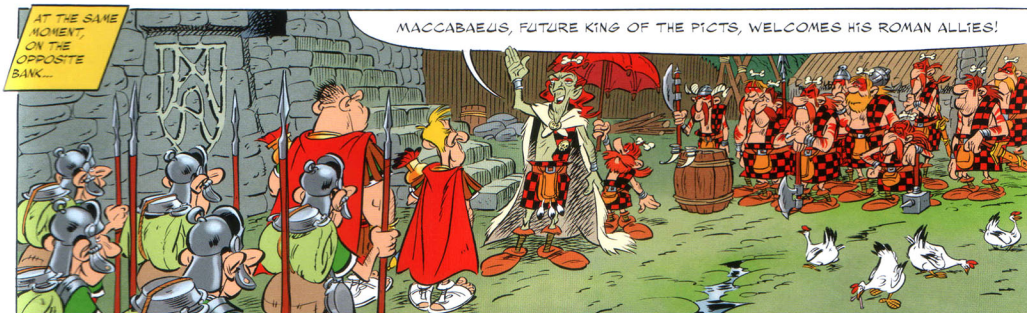
OFF WE GO!

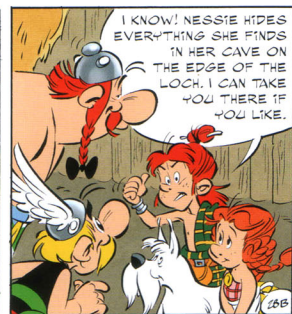
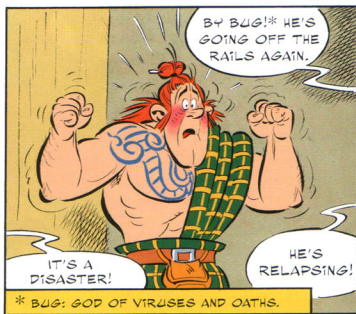
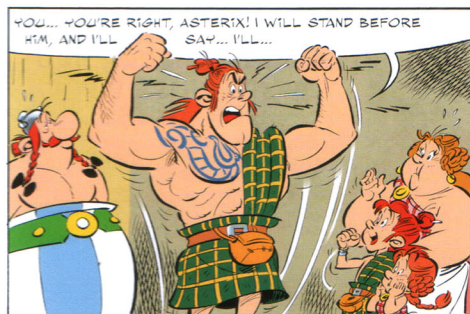
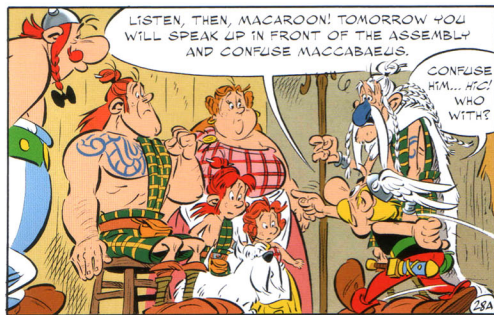
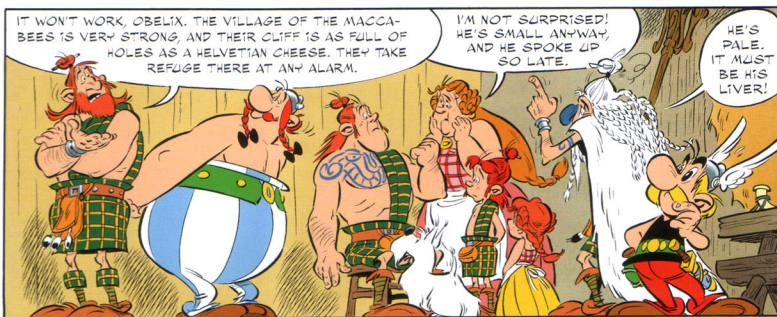
PORRIDGE AND GRAVY? THAT SOUNDS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT.
WHAT DO YOU SAY, LADS?

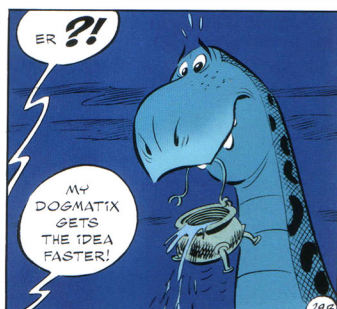
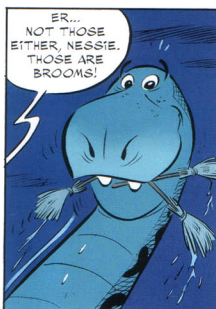
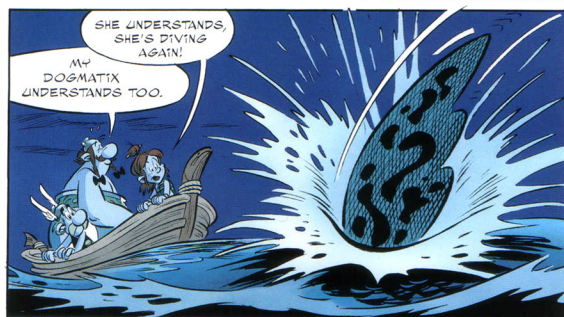
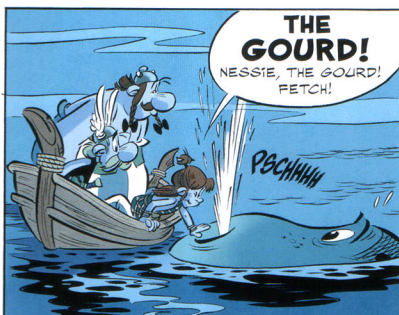
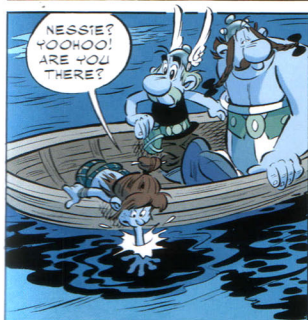
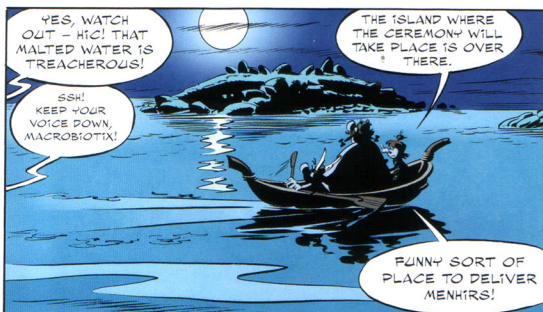
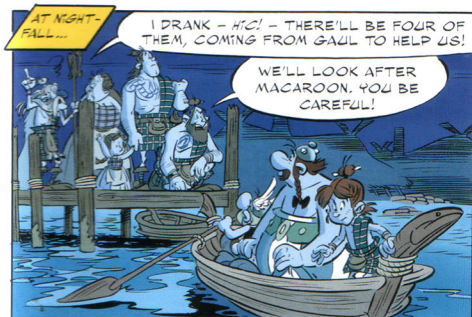


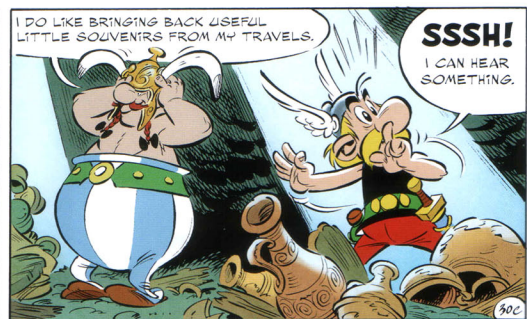
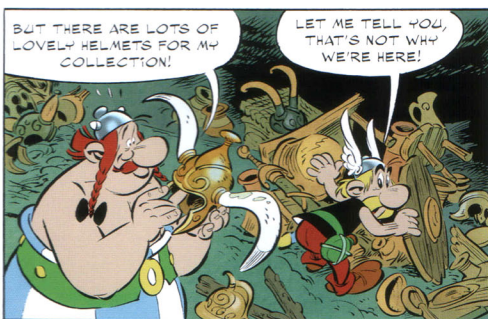
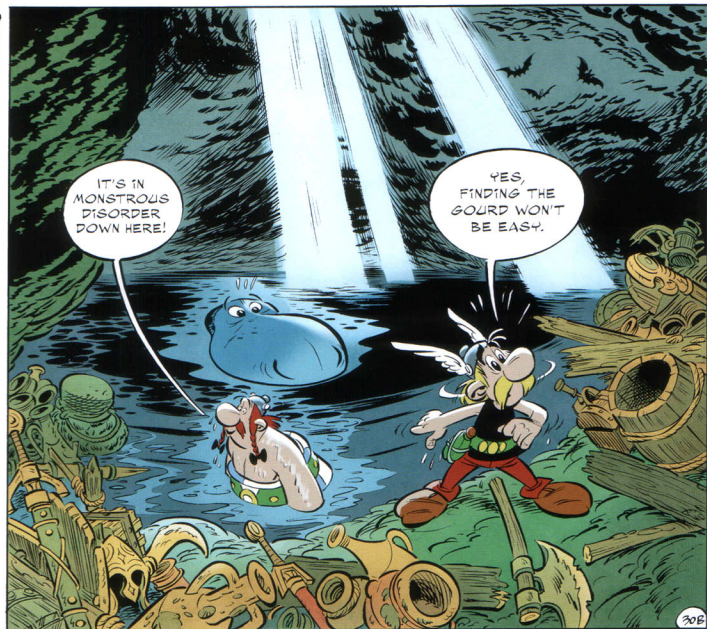
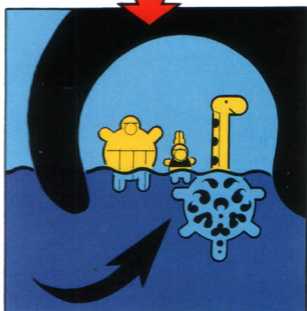
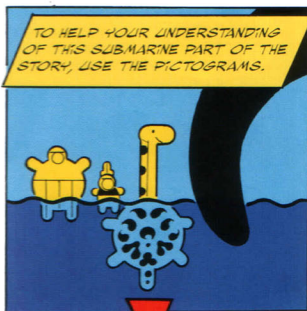
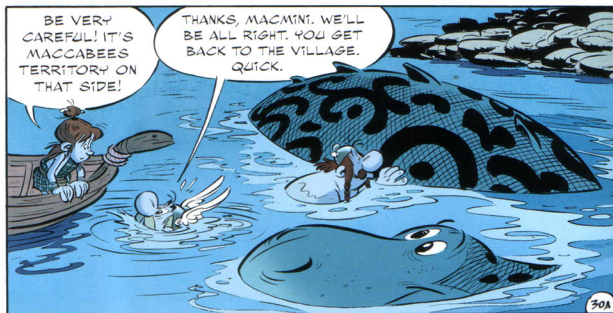
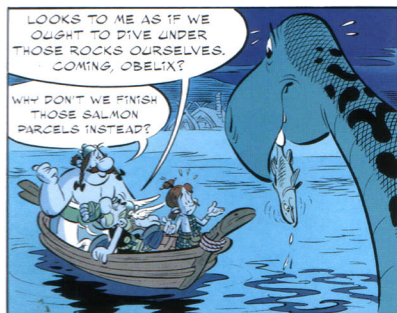


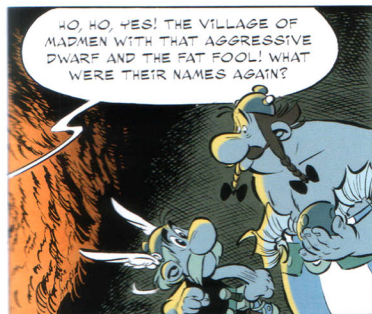
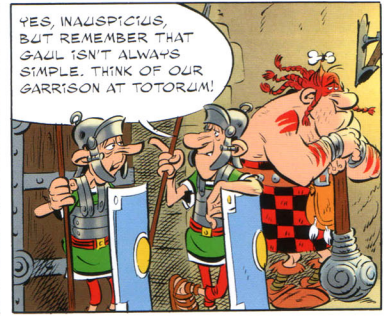
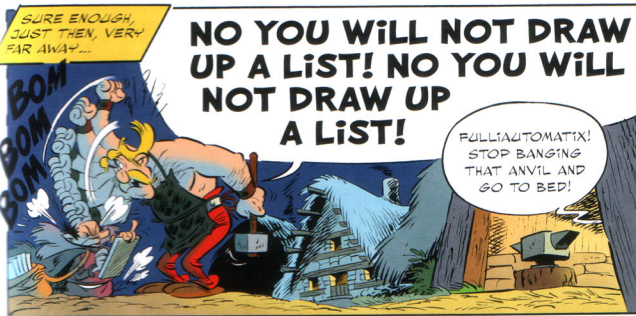
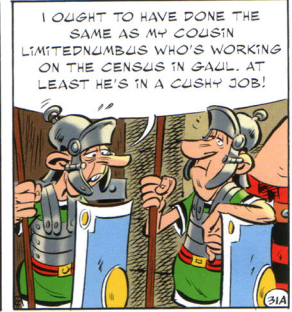
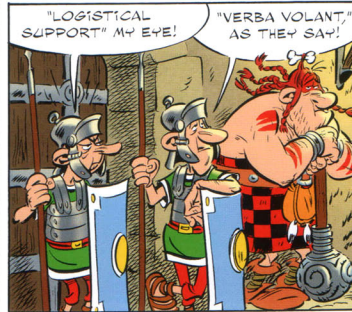
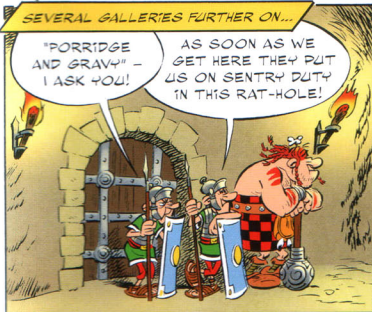
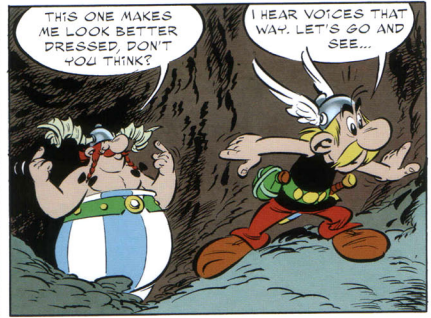
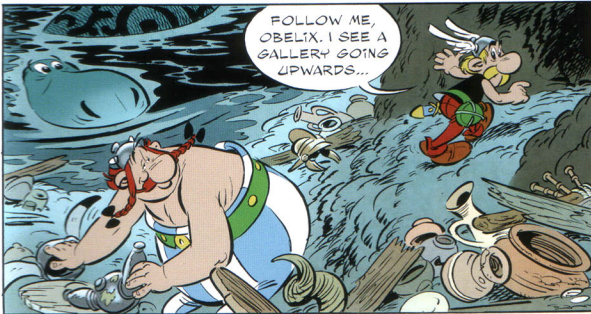


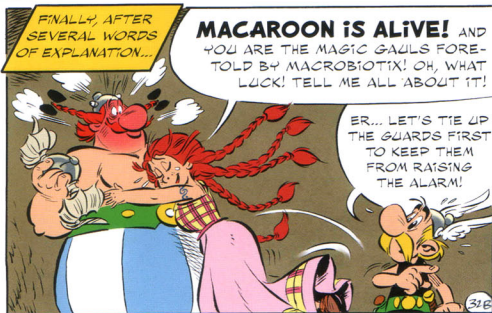
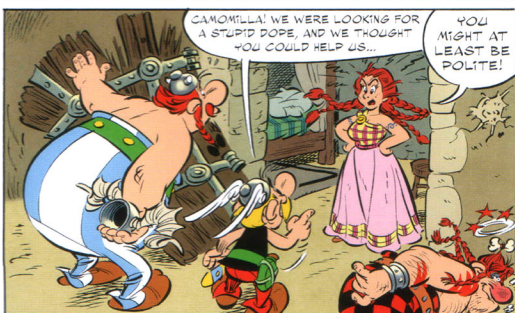
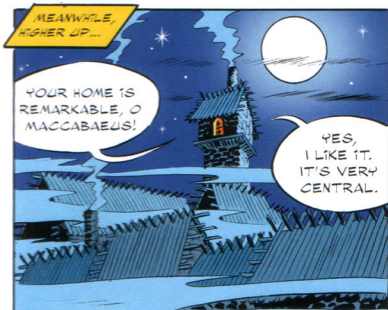
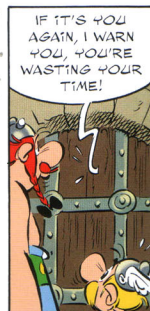
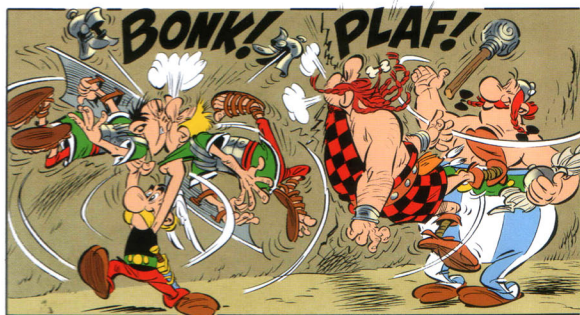


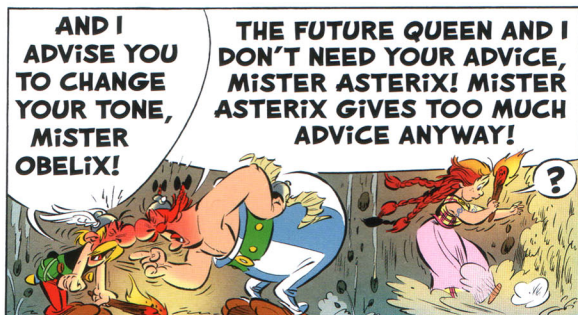
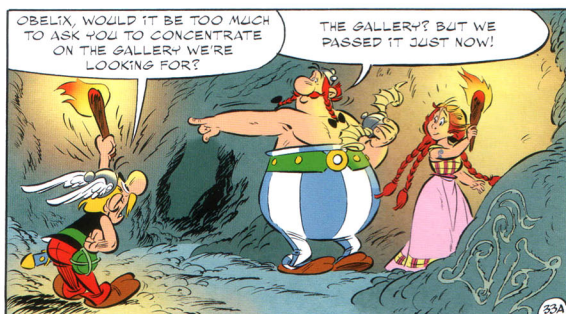
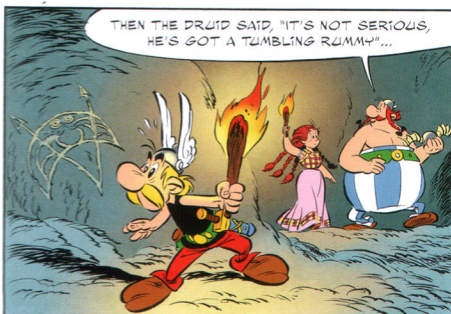
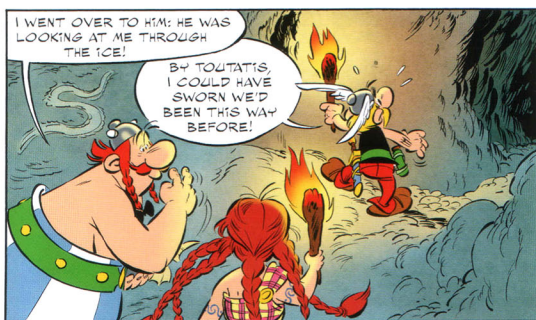
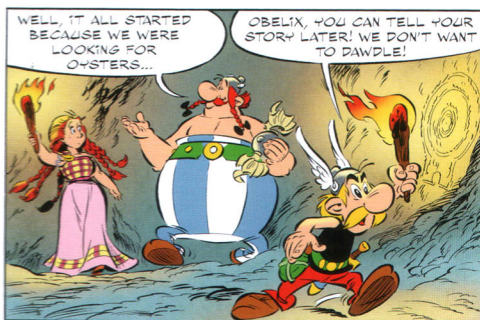


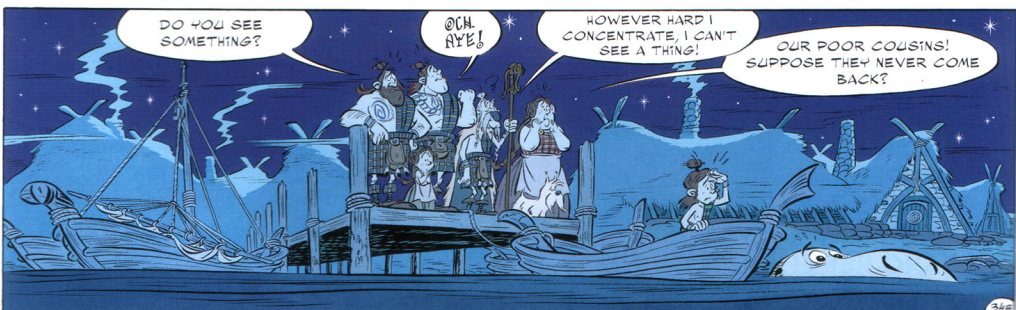
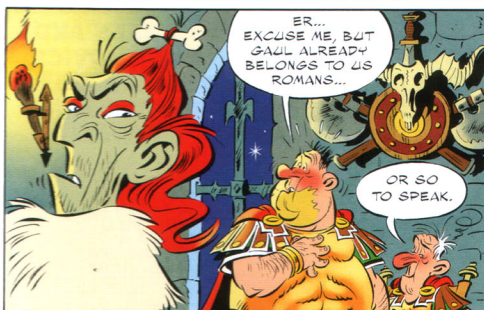
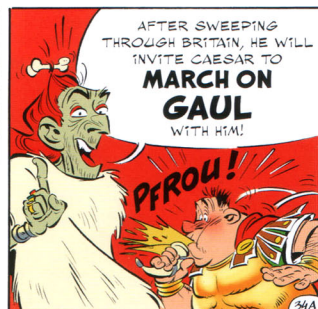
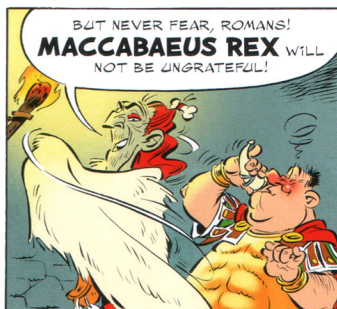




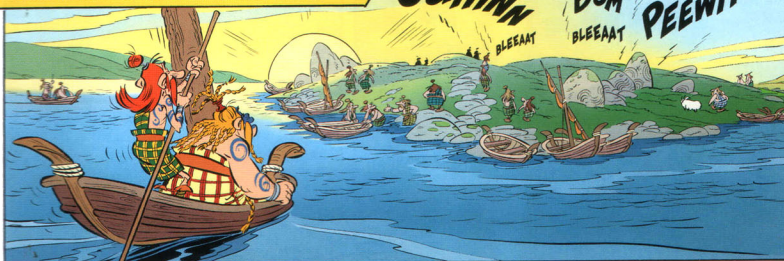








DAY IS DAWNING... THE ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LOCH IS SEETHING WITH EXCITEMENT BEFORE THE CEREMONY TO ACCLAIM THE NEW KING...

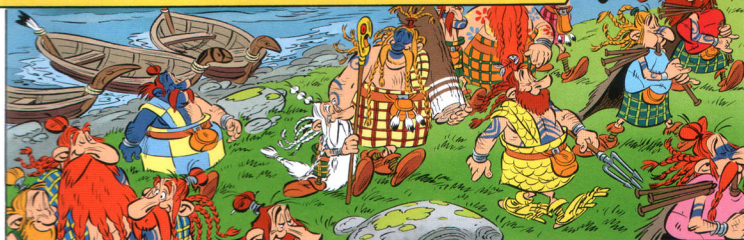


OUIIIIN BOM BOM BOM
BLEEAT BLEEAT PEEWIT

...CAUSING CONFUSION AMONG SOME OF THE LOCAL INHABITANTS...



ALL THE LEADING CLAN CHIEFTAINS HAVE COME. PICTS OF THE PLAINS, WOODLAND PICTS, PAUNCHY PICTS, SPOTTED PICTS, LAUGHING PICTS, YELLOW WATER PICTS... YOU COULD CALL THEM A PICKED BUNCH.



OUIIIINNNNN

EVEN A GREAT WHITE PICT HAS COME.



MACCABAEUS AND HIS SUPPORTERS ADVANCE...



...MINGLING WITH THE CROWD AND BUYING SHOTS OF MALTED WATER TO WIN VOTES...

MACCABAEUS IS GOOD FOR YOU!



DRINK TO MACCABAEUS.

SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!

THE VOTING PROCEDURE FOR A CANDIDATE TO ASCEND THE THRONE IS RATHER COMPLICATED. FIRST COME THE INDEPENDENTS...

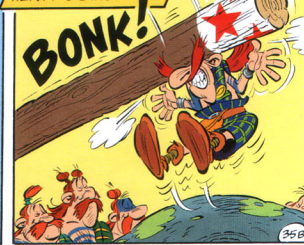


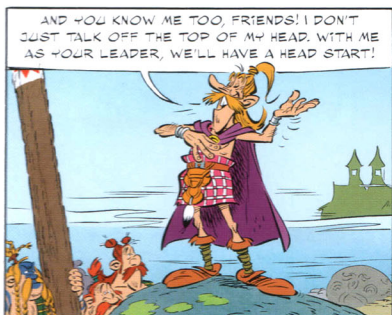
YOU KNOW ME, FRIENDS. I DON'T BELONG TO ANY CLAN...

BUT THE ASSEMBLY OF CHIEFTAINS HAS A RIGHT OF VETO.

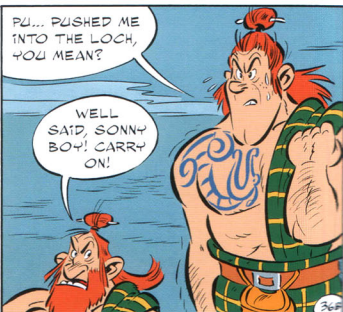
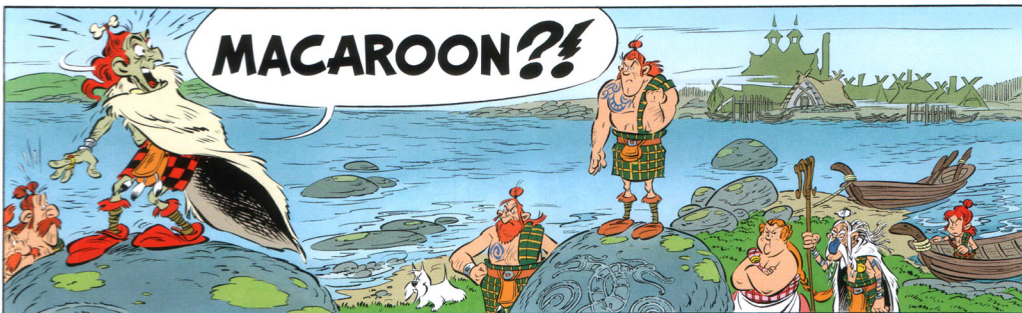
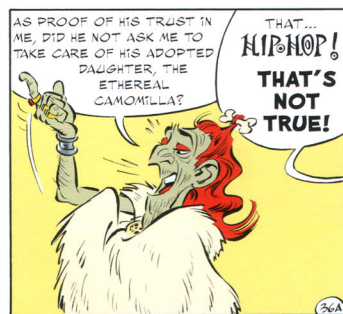
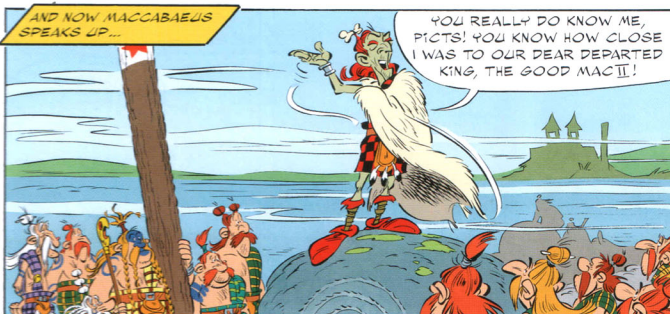


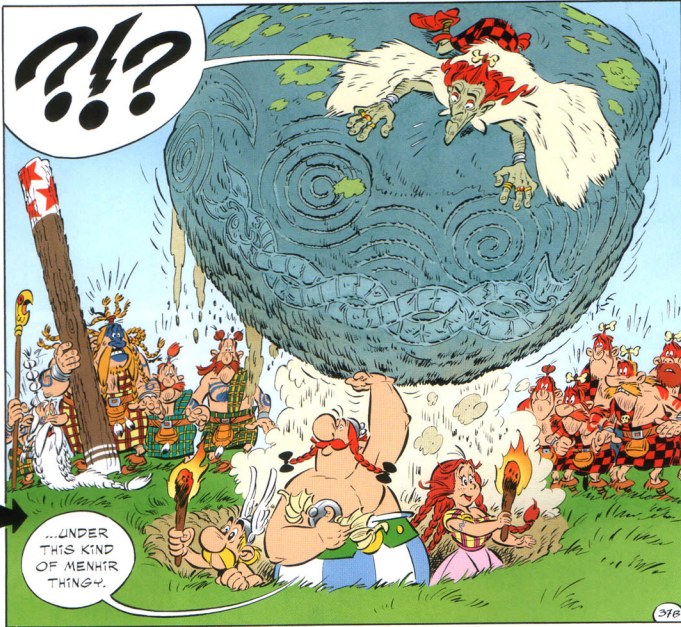
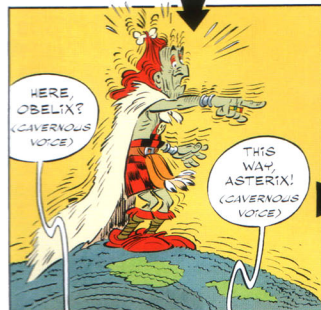
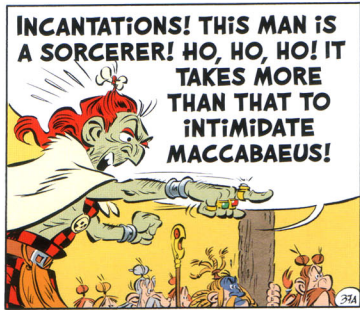
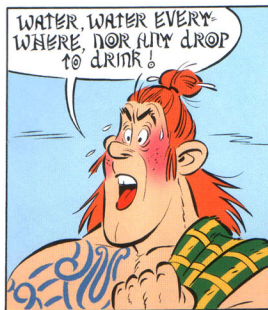
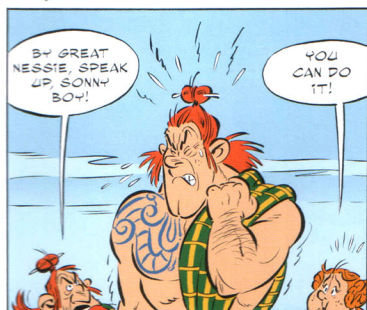
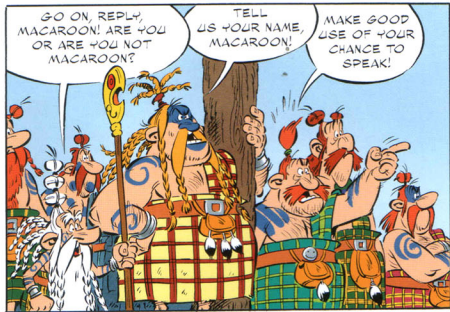
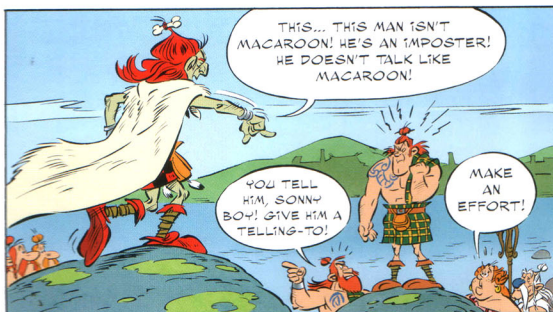
AND EVEN THE PICT NATS FIND IT HEAVY GOING.

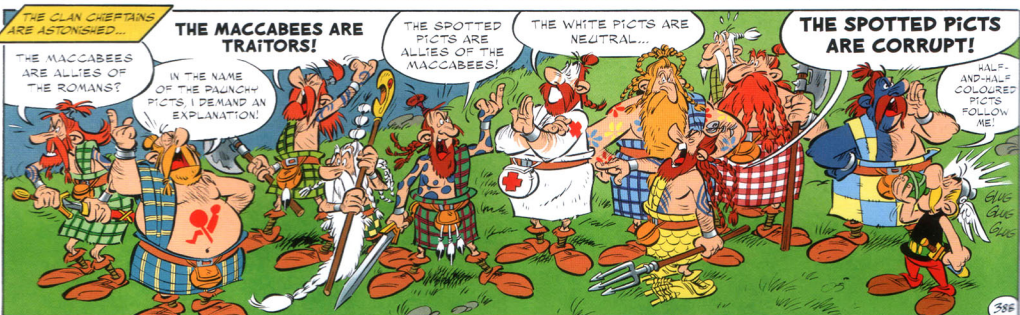
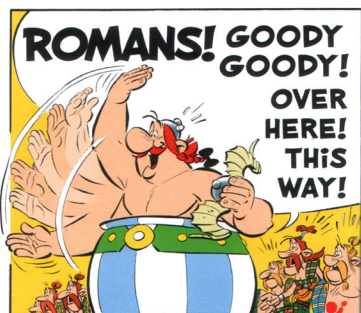
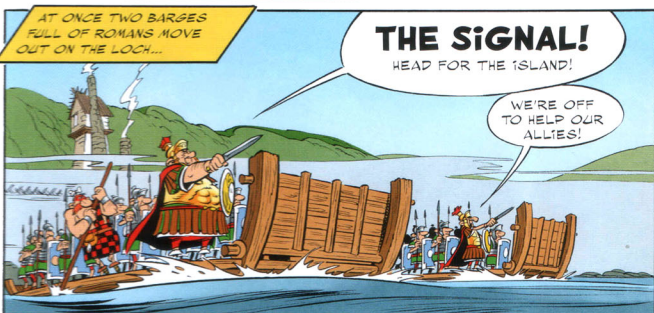
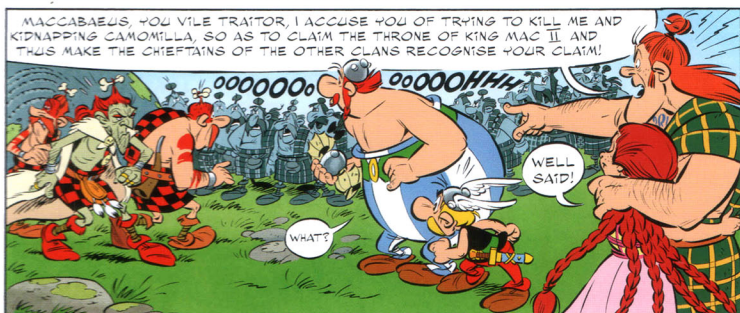
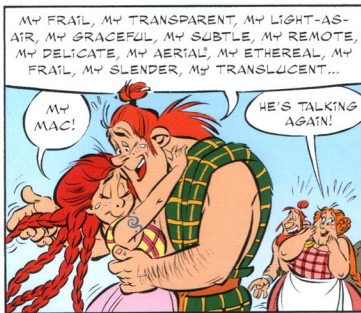
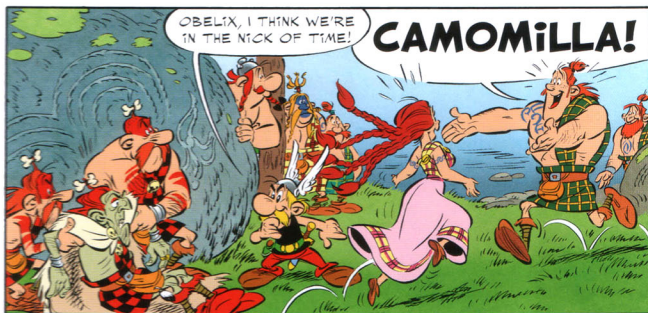


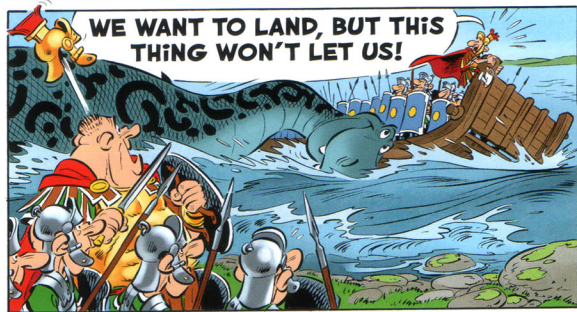
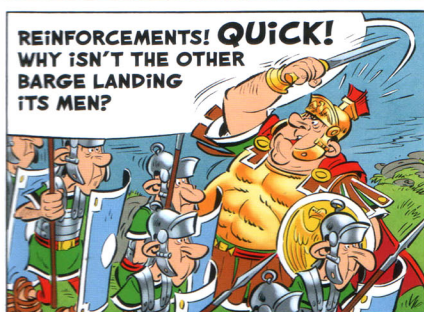
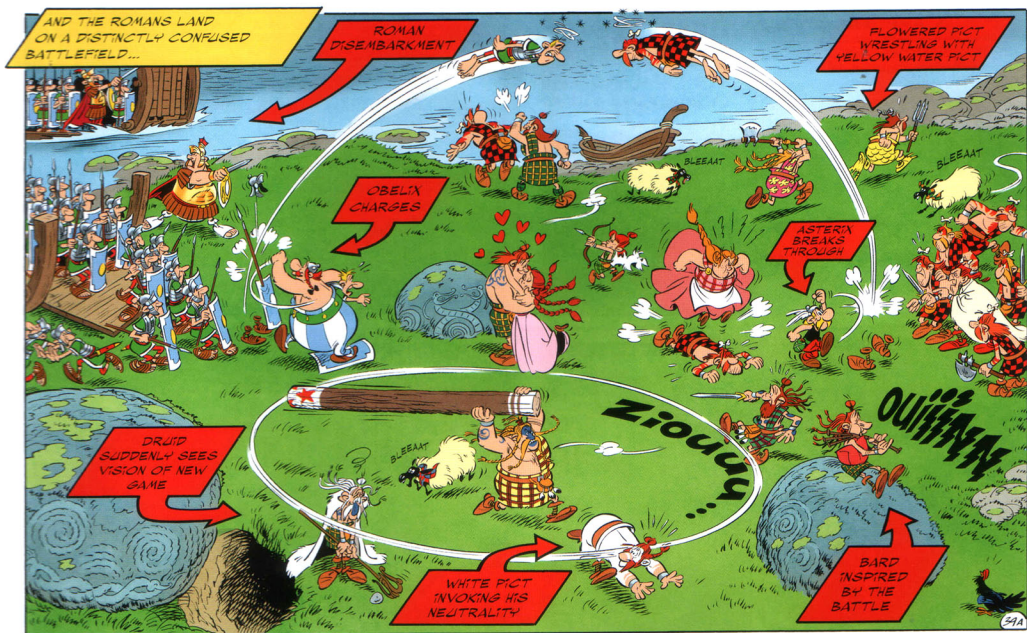


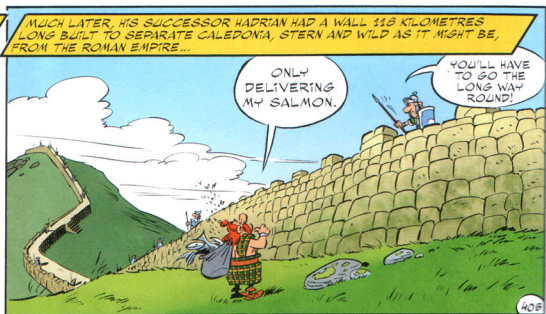
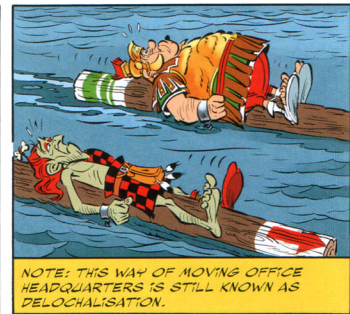
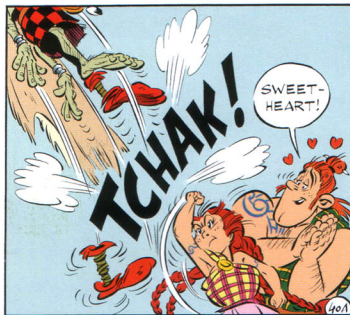
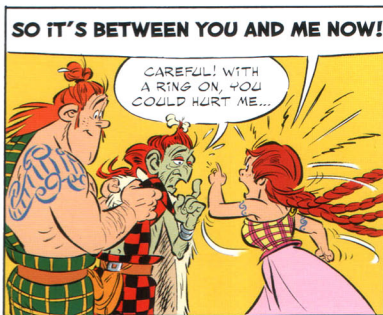
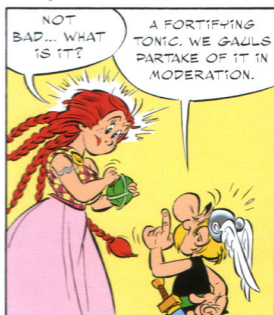
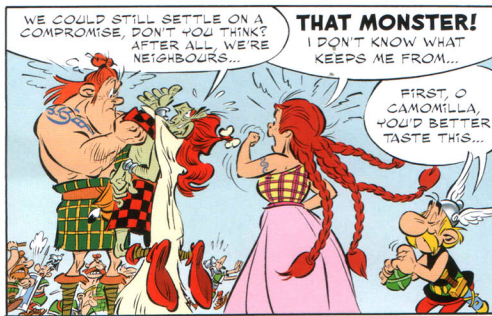
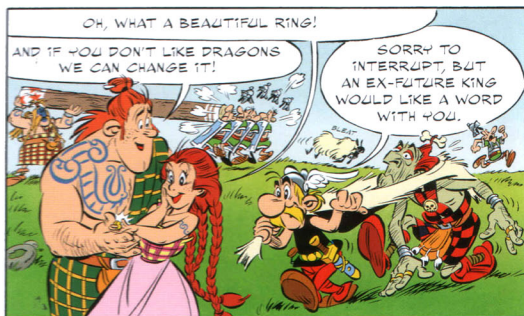
AND NOW MACCABAEUS SPEAKS UP...

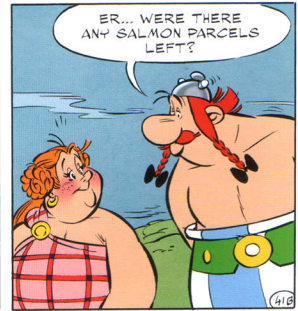
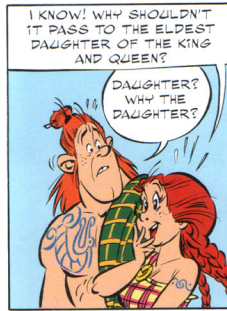
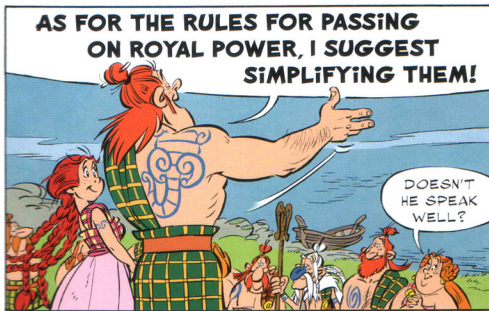
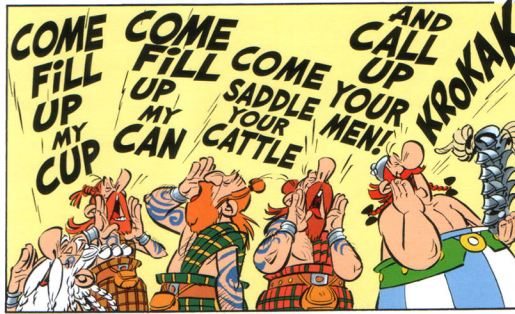
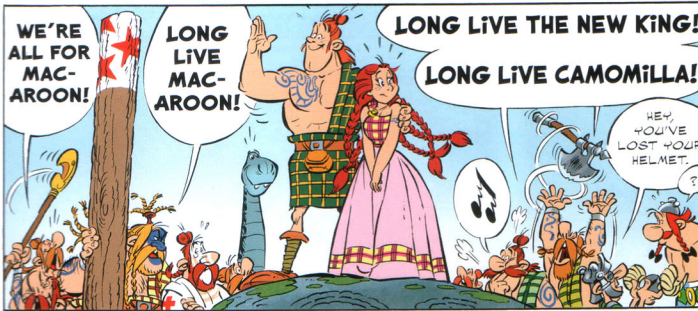


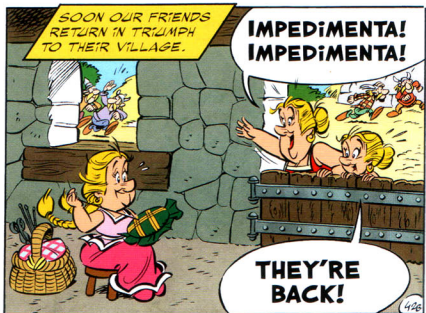
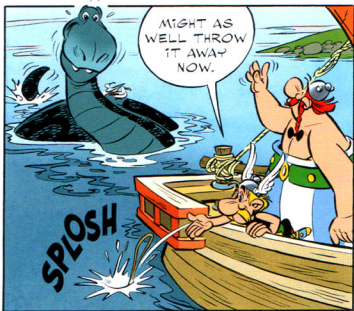
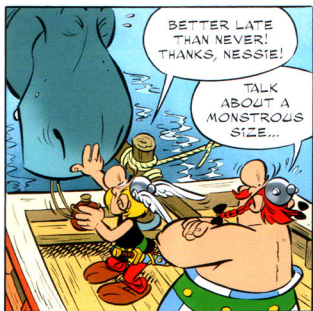
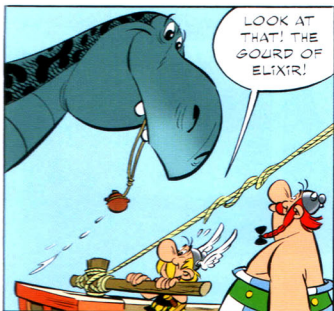
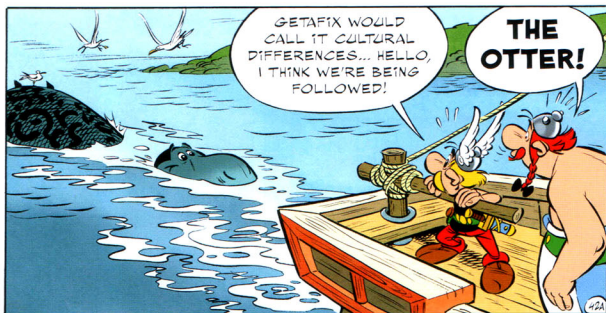
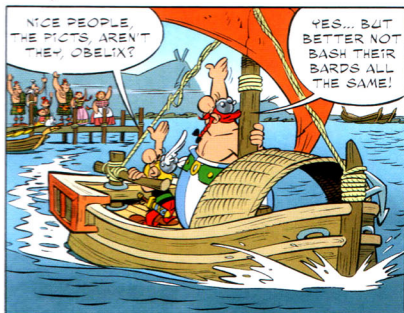
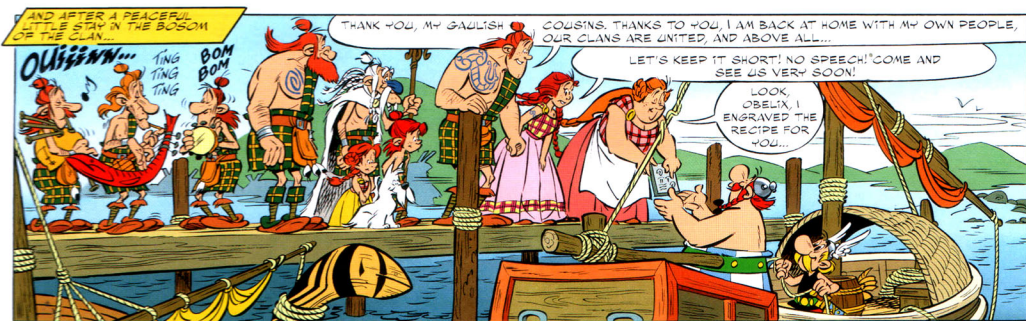


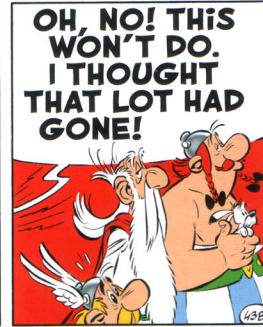
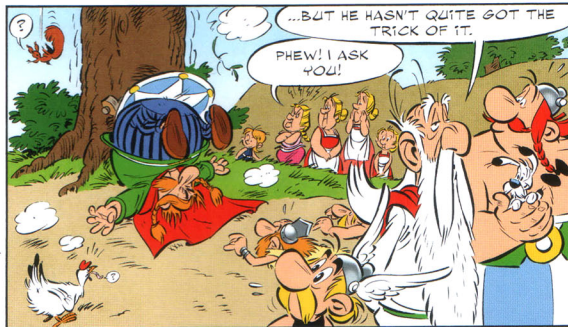
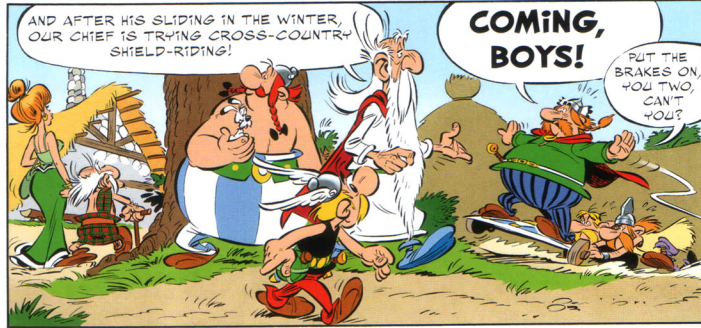
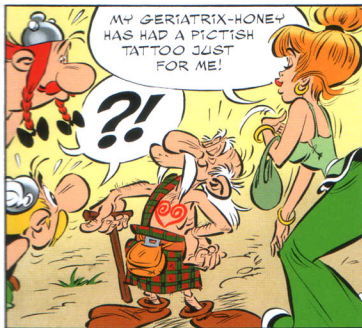
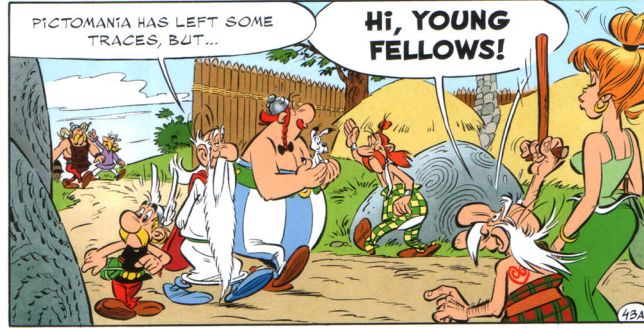
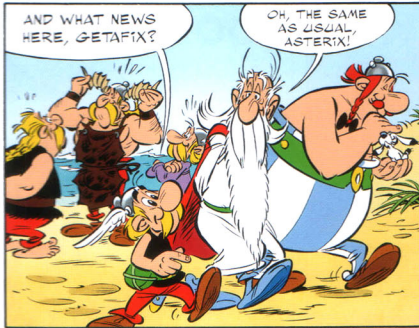
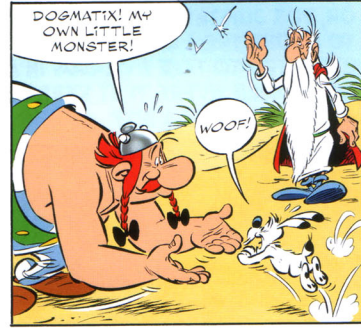
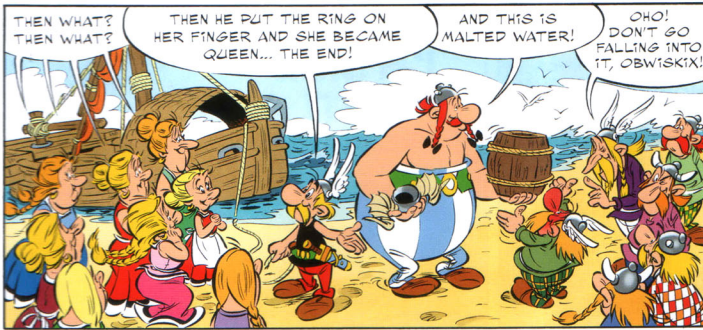












OH, FOR JUPITER'S SAKE! AND NOW WE'LL HAVE TO COUNT THEM ALL AGAIN! HOW IS ANYONE EXPECTED TO TAKE A CENSUS IN A VILLAGE OF MADMEN WHERE THEY KEEP ON MOVING AND DON'T CARE A BIT?

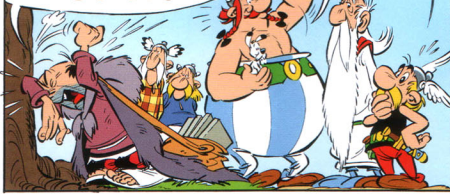


AND I DON'T COUNT FOR ANYTHING!

I'M SICK OF IT!

WE MUST DO SOMETHING, OBELIX!

WHY NOT SEND HIM TO COUNT THE PICTS?

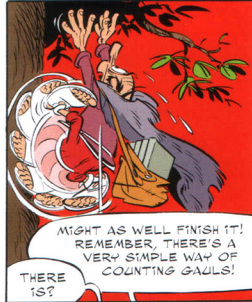
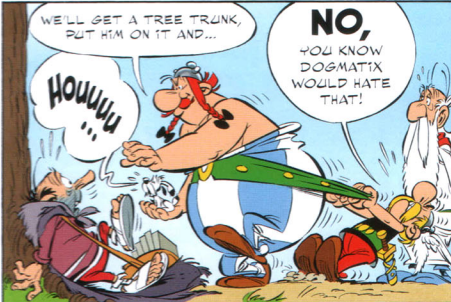


WE'LL GET A TREE TRUNK, PUT HIM ON IT AND...

HOUUUU!

NO,

YOU KNOW DOGMATIX WOULD HATE THAT!



MIGHT AS WELL FINISH IT! REMEMBER, THERE'S A VERY SIMPLE WAY OF COUNTING GAULS! THERE IS?

OOH, YES!

I KNOW WHAT IT IS!



... AND THIS VERY SIMPLE WAY OF COUNTING ALL THE GAULS, NOW REUNITED, AS OUR CLEVER READERS WILL HAVE GUESSED, IS AT

THE GREAT FINAL BANQUET, BY TOUTATIS!

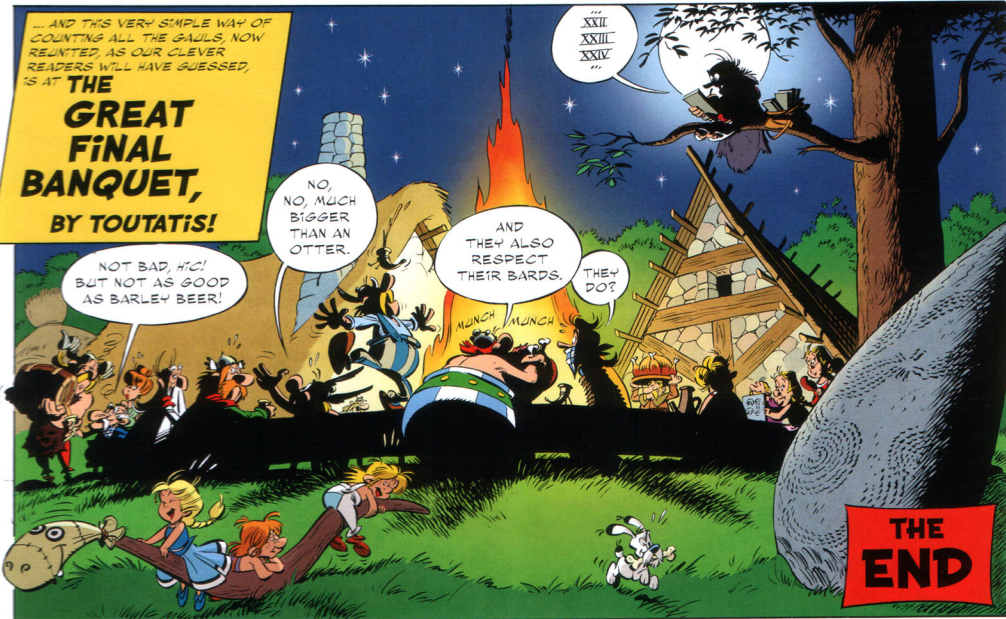
NOT BAD, HIC! BUT NOT AS GOOD AS BARLEY BEER!

NO, NO, MUCH BIGGER THAN AN OTTER.

AND THEY ALSO RESPECT THEIR BARDS.

THEY DO?

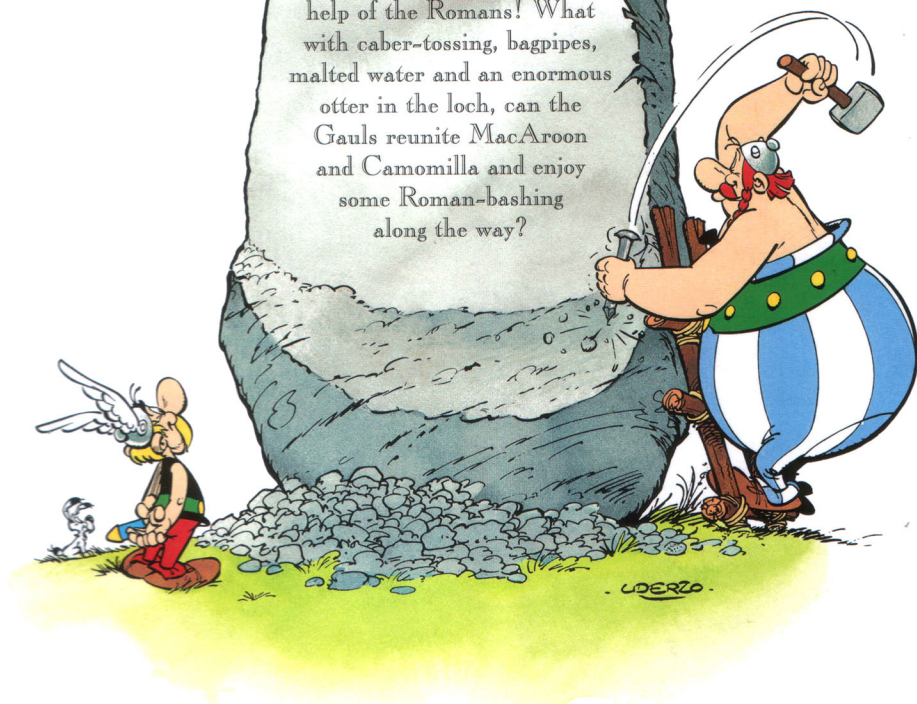
XXII
XXIII
XXIV



THE END

FERRI + CONRAD

When
Asterix and
Obelix rescue a
mysterious Pict
named MacAroon,
they must journey
to Caledonia, now
Scotland, to return
him to his lady love,
Camomilla, the adopted
daughter of the old king.
However, the treacherous
chieftain, MacCabaeus,
plans to marry her and
claim the throne – with the
help of the Romans! What
with caber-tossing, bagpipes,
malted water and an enormous
otter in the loch, can the
Gauls reunite MacAroon
and Camomilla and enjoy
some Roman-bashing
along the way?



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